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Significant Mania

Continued rise of security prices in Wall Street has begun, at this writing, to look like a little boom. No such rapid increase has occurred for years, although the levels attained are still lower than those touched during the recent abortive recovery. People are saying in consequence what they usually say—that no increase of industrial profits is in sight which would rationally justify so marked a rise. But of course—Wall Street never makes accurate and sober estimates of the future. It suffers from manic-depressive symptoms, and is either floating in the clouds of rosy well being or is steeped in profound and impenetrable gloom. That is why it is worth paying attention to an indicator of the condition of our sick economic society, which itself vibrates irrationally between prosperity and depression. The point is that, for whatever reason, Wall Street feels more cheerful. If business men and capitalists feel more cheerful too, maybe they will start up activity and let the rest of the population earn something to live on for a while.

Spain, Italy, England, France

Did Chamberlain threaten Mussolini over the bombing of British ships by Italian airplanes? Or did he plead with Il Duce, saying that unless the bombings were stopped, the Tory government in Great Britain might fall and be succeeded by one far less eager to please the Fascists? Nobody knows; and perhaps it does not matter much. Mussolini has now agreed to bomb British ships "as little as possible" and has suggested that Almeria be used as a neutralized port to land non-military supplies for the Loyalists. The British Parliament and public have stood for so much, in the course of Mr. Chamberlain's efforts to help Franco win, that it seems probable they will swallow this insolent offer as well.

A fortnight ago, Premier Daladier announced that the Franco-Spanish border would be closed to arms shipments, in the effort to please Great Britain. Now, however, reports from the border indicate that large masses of munitions are again going through. The French evidently believe that the Germans intend to stay in Spain permanently and to utilize the great air bases that have been built near to the frontier. By doing so, they could cut down the size of the effective force that France could mobilize in the northeast to protect Czechoslovakia—or the Franco-German border. The French, therefore, will not see the Spanish Loyalists defeated if they can prevent it by anything short of a complete break with Great Britain or the danger of immediate war. If this involves monumental hypocrisy, promising one thing and doing another, what's a little more hypocrisy nowadays in Europe?

China's Vicksburg

The seventy-fifth anniversary of the fall of Vicksburg brings forcibly to mind the similarity between the Mississippi campaign of '62 and '63 and the present

CONTENTS

The Week 261

Editorials
- Treasury Magic 264
- Reaction in France 265

General Articles
- How Whitney Went Broke . John T. Flynn 266
- Spain in War: I . . . . Waldo Frank 269
- Social Symbolists: An Anthology . . . . Eunice Clark, William Stephens, Oscar Williams, Archibald Fleming, Delmore Schwartz and Selden Rodman . . . 272
- British Taxes and Ours: 1938 . . . . . Harold M. Groves 274
- Not in the Cables . . . . V. Pozner 276
- Wiltshire (verse) . . . Valentine Ackland 277
- Shoot the Works . . . Heywood Broun 278
- Washington Notes . . . . . T. R. B. 279
- "The Cradle" Rocks on Records . Moses Smith 280
- The Bandwagon 280

Correspondence 281

Books in Review
- Swing Around the South . John Chamberlain 284
- Record of Our Education . F. O. Matthiessen 285
- Put Reason to Work . . . Harold Ward 285
- One More Nathan . . Louis Kronenberger 286
- Mussolini's Agricultural Policy . . . . . Paul H. Douglas 286
- Keeping Money on the Move . . . . . J. Frederic Dewhurst 287
- New Books: A Reader's List 288

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Japanese operations along the Yangtze, with Hankow playing the part of Vicksburg and Kiu-kiang in the role of Port Hudson. Even a cursory study of the difficulties that were encountered by the Union forces will reveal the necessity, in such operations, for the closest sort of coöperation between army and navy. And it must be true coöperation; neither can be subordinated to the other, made subservient to the demands of a commander and staff unfitted by training and experience to deal with its peculiar problems. Nor can either work alone. It was not until Flag-Officer Foote was made responsible to the Navy Department and not to the military commander on the spot that the Mississippi campaign began to make real progress in the North; in the South even Farragut could accomplish little above New Orleans until he had military support. What knowledge we have of the Japanese army and navy does not incline one to the belief that they are suited for such close and unselfish coöperation as combined river operations necessitate. Perhaps the slow progress of the advance up the Yangtze is due more to this factor than to the intrinsic difficulties of the task, great as the latter are.

The Road to Russia

Turkish troops are to be permitted to participate in the "police" of the Sanjak of Alexandretta pending the forthcoming plebiscite which is supposed to determine its future status. The fact suggests that the plebiscite, like some others of unhappy memory, is to serve merely as a rubber stamp for a decision already arrived at; this time between Paris and Ankara. Kemal Ataturk gets the Sanjak; France (and Britain) get Turkey's friendship in case of future trouble in the Mediterranean. In the World War, those powers fought desperately and unavailingly to open the Dardanelles by force, for the purpose of munitioning their Russian ally and obtaining Russian food supplies. They do not, it seems, propose to repeat that experience. The road to Russia must be kept open by courting Turkey. As for Kemal, his hatred of Germany has been intensified by knowledge of what the fulfilment of the *Drang nach Osten* would mean to Turkey, and his suspicions of Italy's ultimate purposes have had little in the past few years to allay them. He has no difficulty in perceiving on which side his bread is buttered, nor greater difficulty in making use of the situation to get a little jam in addition.

Green Hell—Again?

At the moment of writing there seems at least a measurable possibility that hostilities between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Chaco question may be renewed, despite the efforts of the mediatory powers, which include not only the United States, but Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru and Uruguay. The reason put forward for the deadlock in the negotiations is that neither government can yield an inch and continue in office. This is probably truer of Paraguay than of Bolivia. The tremendous sacrifices which the Paraguayan people paid for their hard-won victory will not incline them to regard favorably a government which proposes to yield up any of the fruits thereof. Bolivian recalcitrance is doubtless due to an inner conviction that with improved communications and German and Italian armaments Bolivia (which is much the stronger power in population and resources) could now take back the Chaco by the sword. But it almost passes belief that a concert of all the major American powers cannot find a peaceful method of settling this dispute.

International Morality: Case History

Developments in regard to Austria's foreign debt constitute a pretty little picture of international morality As Is, A.D. 1938. When Germany captured Austria, she repudiated her obligation abroad. Other countries of course protested, among them Great Britain. She not only pointed out that Germany's action was illegal and immoral, but added that if it were not rescinded, she would seize the substantial German trade balances now in London. Herr Hitler, with this pistol at his head, promptly made a separate settlement with England. The United States also held a large amount of the Austrian debt; but since we sell to Germany more than she buys from us, we have no trade balances to use for trading purposes. In fact, we have nothing to appeal to except good faith, honor, the observance of written pledges, none of which mean anything in Germany any more. Great Britain's action in scrambling for her share has of course greatly weakened the "united front" of Austrian foreign creditors. We hope the lesson will prove useful to the United States; it has cost us enough.

Runaway Circus

Last week we advanced the possibility that the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Circus was not really going to expire because of its labor troubles. Events since then have completely confirmed the suspicion. The circus is not dead; it has simply changed its name. Most of the headline performers of the Ringling circus have been transferred to its subsidiary, the Al G. Barnes show, now playing in the Northwest, and the new combination plans to fill some of the engagements the Ringling circus had made. This is far from the first time an employer has been temporarily victorious in wage-bargaining by packing up his plant, moving away and reorganizing under a different name.

The Labor Board Record

Opponents of the National Labor Relations Board seldom pause to look at the record. They do not know the law from which it derives its powers, and they do

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not know the background of this law. They furthermore do not know in any detail what the Board has done. A report of the Board, issued on the third anniversary of the signing of the bill, and covering the first thirty-two months of operation, shows that it has been extraordinarily successful. It has been almost uniformly sustained by the courts, and this in part accounts for its success. Of the cases coming before it, 55 percent, covering 1,247,878 persons, were settled amicably by agreement. Sixteen percent were dismissed and 24 percent withdrawn. This left only five percent that had to go to formal hearing and eventual court review. In only two percent of the cases was the Board's power exercised in the issuance of "cease and desist" orders against employers. Of the strike cases coming before the Board, 76 percent were settled. Five hundred and eighty strikes, involving 149,948 workers, were averted. The Board held 1,280 elections, in which 450,842 valid ballots were cast. The few cases of open controversy which make the newspaper headlines are thus a tiny minority; the Board has done a workmanlike job in removing thousands of difficulties that the public seldom hears of.

Doors Close Against the Refugees

This week's international conference about refugees at Evian, France, called by the United States, opened in an atmosphere of gloom. While Germany continues to mistreat not only Jews but many other elements in her population, in a deliberate attempt to make life unendurable so that the victims will pay a high price for their freedom, doors are closing against the refugees almost everywhere throughout the world. Broadly speaking, no country wants a victim of persecution unless he is so well financed, and otherwise so desirable, that his future is no problem. Only the United States, among the great powers, is willing to accept any substantial number of refugees, and even here, the officials have to keep quiet about what they are doing, for fear of the storm that might be raised by anti-Semites and other opponents of immigration. Of the so-called "great democracies" England and France are admitting very few, and making the terms extraordinarily difficult; Soviet Russia of course accepts only Communists and hardly any of those. The one element of humor in the Evian conference was supplied by Italy, which refused to attend on the ground that Germany had not been invited. One could as reasonably refuse to attend a funeral because the murderer had not been asked.

Women as Musicians

Should women be allowed to make a career in music? They think the answer is yes, though male musicians on the whole say "No." Most of the leading orchestras of the country refuse to employ a woman, no matter how good she is, except an occasional harpist or organist. This rule is rigidly observed by the New York Philharmonic Society, the Metropolitan Opera Company, the Columbia Broadcasting System, the National Broadcasting Company and other important employers. Although New York's 17,000 male musicians get $90 a week as a minimum (under union conditions), women get only $30 or $35, and fewer than 100 of them have steady positions, mostly in all-girl bands. Of the arguments against women all are trivial except the charge that, as musicians, they are inferior to men. This is a matter of controversy; certainly, no one can expect that men will be displaced in order to make room for women who are less competent. The suggestion is made that applicants for a position might perform behind a curtain, and let the best player get the job, regardless of sex. As things are now, in most places women are not even permitted to try out. A committee has been formed for "recognition of women in the musical profession," with the backing of such groups as the Women's Trade Union League, the Consumers' League and the League of Women Shoppers. It proposes to begin with a solar-plexus attack. Radio advertisers of products bought by women will be asked to say why they insist on using only male musicians. If they can explain that, they're good.

News Notes of a Week

President Kalinin of the USSR has announced that Soviet Russia intends to build a navy as large as any other in the world and hopes even to "outstrip old England." . . . Tension between France and Japan in the Orient increased as France seized small islands near Hainan. A few days earlier, England and France had jointly warned Japan not to occupy Hainan, which commands the sea approaches to French Indo-China. . . . Unrest in Palestine grew more severe, in spite of the strictest measures of repression. . . . Protests were heard in England against the use of the Official Secrets Act to intimidate a member of Parliament who asked embarrassing questions about the progress of British aerial rearmament. . . . Vincent Sheean, in a notable dispatch from Vienna to The New York Herald Tribune, reported that 50,000 Austrians have been put in prison and confirmed the statements made by Mr. P. F. Drucker in last week's New Republic that the Nazis are rapidly winning over the lower-middle class and the workers.

At home, enemies of the New Deal raised their customary storm because Aubrey Williams, associate of Harry Hopkins, made a speech in which he suggested that the unemployed are likely to vote for public officials opposed to starvation. . . . In New York City, Supreme Court Justice Salvatore Cotillo, often in the past accused on an anti-labor bias, issued a "permanent injunction" forbidding two CIO unions to picket retail stores of the Busch Jewelry Company, Inc. . . . Presi-

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dent Roosevelt prepared for his swing across the country which is expected to aid Senators Barkley in Kentucky, Thomas in Oklahoma and McAdoo in California. . . . Underpaid librarians throughout the country, weary of polite requests for a living wage, turned to union organization as a means of enforcing their demands.

Treasury Magic

From Secretary Morgenthau's report on the fiscal year ending June 30 a number of interesting conclusions may be drawn. But these conclusions do not all lie on the surface of the figures. And their implications reach far into the field of social policy.

The ordinary observer, conditioned to judge finance from the business point of view, would doubtless hold that because the deficit was much smaller than in the previous year, progress had been made, but that because it was still large—almost $1,500,000,000—the government was still not being well managed. He would also regret that the public debt had been increased during the year by $740,000,000. But in every one of these judgments he would be wide of the mark.

The first correction has to do with the reduction of the deficit. If the figures are taken at their face value, the fact that the federal government had a deficit smaller than the year before by about $1,200,000,000 is one cause of the current depression. Government spending of money that it does not take from taxpayers helps business and trade. Of course no economy can be run forever on government spending of bank credit, but instead of congratulating ourselves that the deficit was reduced, we should be sorry that it was not larger, in view of the failure of private industry to carry on the burden of expansion. It is this latter fact that is the most serious cause for worry.

The next comment is that it seems strange that the debt was not increased by the amount of the deficit. If a business runs at a loss, the natural assumption is that it will have increased its unpaid bills or its borrowings by an amount equal to the loss. Yet the Treasury figures show the increase of debt as not much more than half the amount of the deficit. There is something phony here. Where did the extra money come from?

Inspection of the statement of outstanding public debt betrays the secret. Debt is divided into two sections—"market issues" and "special issues." The "market issues" are, in plain language, the debt which the government owes to the public, and the "special issues" the debt which it owes to itself. The special issues are in effect reserves set up against obligations which the government will have to meet in the future —old-age pensions, unemployment benefits and the like. The statement reveals that during the fiscal year the government did not increase its borrowings from the public at all—in fact, it reduced them by $378,000,000. But its debt to its own reserve funds was increased by $1,118,000,000. It is the difference between these two amounts that creates the figure—a purely bookkeeping figure—of a debt increase of $740,000,000.

Now comes the startling fact. If we eliminate this inside governmental bookkeeping, there was no deficit at all in the past fiscal year, but a surplus of $378,000,000. That is, the government took from the public in taxes $378,000,000 more than it paid out to the public. The apparent deficit was all caused by charges on books, without any payment of money or checks or securities outside of governmental agencies. The various government reserve funds became richer by an amount larger than the reported deficit. This conclusion emphasizes the part played by government finance in causing the existing depression. The government not only did not add so much as before to the circulation of purchasing power; it actually contributed nothing to the amount of money in the hands of the public.

But are not these reserves necessary? If the government is going to have to meet obligations in the future to pay pensions and benefits, should it not save the money with which to do so? You or I, or the XYZ corporation, would certainly be wise in following such a policy. But let us see how it works with government. During the last fiscal year, the government took from industry, railroads and wage-earners, $750,000,000 in taxes to meet social-security and railroad-retirement benefits. Of this money, it spent during the year $290,000,000. It thus had a surplus of $460,000,000, which it paid into these two reserves. The money going into the other reserves came from general tax receipts. If the government had had a pay-as-you-go policy, it could have collected about a billion dollars less in taxes than it did, met all its current obligations for pensions and benefits, and still had a surplus for the year.

When this billion must eventually be paid out to the beneficiaries, the various funds will sell to the public the securities which the government has this year contributed to their portfolios. If the government had not now collected the money, it would have to raise it whenever the payments come due. It could do so either by getting it from taxes at the time, or by borrowing it then through new issues of securities. Who would lose by that policy? If the government raised the money by taxes, the taxes would have to be paid at some future date instead of now, and the funds would not have to sell any securities to the public. If it raised the money by borrowing, the taxes would not have to be paid either now or then. The government would merely be selling the same amount of securities which it will have to sell anyway; the only difference being that they would be dated at the time of sale instead of having been dated during the fiscal year 1938.

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The present policy means, therefore, that we collect more taxes now than we need to, and obligate the government to sell to the public a large amount of securities in the future. We know that this was a bad year to stimulate deflation by collecting unnecessarily large taxes. It may turn out that when the securities have to be sold, it will be a bad time to increase the circulation of purchasing power by spending borrowed money. This operation might then have an inflationary effect.

Would it not have been better to follow the policy we know now is good for the present, and leave open to the future a choice of the policy that will be thought good then? Let us abolish the curious bookkeeping magic that leads us to build up special reserves out of taxation, whatever the harmful effects on the general economy may be. The government has assumed future obligations for benefit and pension payments. Well and good. Let us meet these payments as they come due, either by taxation or by borrowing, in accordance with the requirements of the situation at the time.

A further observation is not amiss. What money we do have to raise by taxation, let us raise according to sound tax principles. The Treasury statement shows that income taxes, which are distributed according to ability to pay, accounted for only about three-sevenths of the total receipts, while indirect taxes, which raise costs, tend to depress business and are inequitably distributed, accounted for the rest. The addition of social-security taxes is a large element in making this maladjustment worse than it was. If there were no reserve funds for social insurance, the burden of social-security taxes could be appreciably diminished, if not lifted altogether.

Reaction in France

THE REACTIONARY COMPLEXION of Premier Daladier's Cabinet has been clearly revealed. The French Parliament is in recess and, for the time being, M. Daladier is free to rule without the censorship of his majority. During this period of untrammeled leadership, the government has taken "energetic" measures against aliens. The forty-hour week, won by labor under Blum, is encroached upon more and more, and further "adjustments" are under way. The power and profits of big business have never been so great. Large-scale industry is dismissing workers and rehiring them at lower rates. The civil servants' salaries, always very low in France, remain what they were before the present increase in living costs, which is almost 50 percent. In spite of the continued strength shown in several by-elections by the Popular Front alignment, the progressive and labor parties are held in check by Daladier's threat to form a new government based on the support of Centrist and Rightist groups.

The foreign policy of the French Cabinet is following Chamberlain's "realistic" example: that is, the threat of possible war is continually being used in order to impose sacrifices on the people. It is true that during the Czechoslovakian crisis, Hitler was warned by the Anglo-French diplomats against overstepping certain limits, but since then the pro-Fascists have regained the upper hand. Only three days after adjourning Parliament, Daladier ordered the closing of the Spanish border, thus clearly demonstrating his hostility toward the Loyalists, while the bombardment of French towns by Rebel aviators was accepted without even a diplomatic protest. (Since then, reports have said that arms are still going forward to the Loyalists, while the customs guards look the other way.)

The Socialist Party—the largest in Parliament and thus able to bring about a change in the government—is still unwilling to run the risk of assuming power in the present troubled circumstances. The recent congress of the Party, held at Royan in June, by an overwhelming vote approved Blum's policy of temporarily supporting Daladier. It is also interesting to note that a speech made to this congress by Deputy L'Héveder, in which he advised far-reaching concessions to the totalitarian powers for the sake of peace at any price was much more heartily applauded than Zyromski's plea on behalf of Spain and Czechoslovakia.

Many observers explain the Socialists' ambiguous attitude by a deliberate policy of what is called in France "*attentisme*" ("waitism"). It is widely predicted that in October, after Parliament reconvenes, Daladier will be ousted from power and replaced by Herriot, whose views are considered more progressive. If so, Herriot would probably be Premier until May, 1939, the date of the coming presidential elections, in which he is the most favored candidate. At that moment Blum would again become Premier and thus be able to dictate the terms of the parliamentary elections of 1940.

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How Whitney Went Broke

RICHARD WHITNEY is in Sing Sing. There is no point in drawing out endlessly the story of his fall. What he did was not an unusual thing. There was nothing mysterious or complex about his crime. He merely did what hundreds of hapless little clerks and cashiers do every year—took the funds and securities of his customers and used them in his speculations. And lost them. He was caught and now pays heavily for his sins. So far as he is concerned we may make an end of the story. Whitney is in jail but Broad and Wall Streets still go on. For stranger than the conduct of Whitney, which was squalid and commonplace, was the conduct of the men who sat with him in dominion over the Exchange. When a man steals cash or bonds he passes under the jurisdiction of the district attorney. But there is a protected area of business within which a man, if he follows certain fictions, may perform acts and follow conduct the effect of which is equally larcenous and do so with complete immunity from penalty to his person or his respectability. This is an area to which the district attorney does not penetrate. Civilization hasn't caught up with this territory yet. The busy corner of this territory is Broad and Wall. It is still there. And if I put down here a few notes about the Whitney case it is because I have just been reading the full record and find there some highly relevant facts about this slum district of American business.

The first question that rises in the mind after reading the full text of Whitney's performances is, why was Richard Whitney ever made president of the Stock Exchange in the first place?

He was elected president of the Exchange in May, 1930. This was a moment when the wrath of the people was turned in a hot blaze upon Wall Street and its temples. The mere instinct of survival dictated prudence in the selection of a president. Whitney for years has been a sort of bad boy—extravagant, reckless about money and along with that, arrogant, tactless, self-willed, defiant, rude, selfish. Long before the 1929 crash Whitney had been a borrower around the Street and more than one person knew it. He had been a heavy gambler. In the summer of 1929 he had gone up to his neck in heavy short operations running into millions and utterly beyond his resources. The crash had hit him a crushing blow. As early as 1930 he had done a thoroughly reprehensible thing—borrowed half a million dollars without security from a bank of which he was a director. That produced criticism, and the firm of Morgan and Company was compelled to take the loan. It remains unpaid. The late Thomas Cochran, a partner of Morgan, had sent for Herbert G. Wellington, a prominent broker, and asked him to combine his business with Whitney's to "protect Dick." Dick, it seems, had a fine business, but he was extravagant. He didn't know how to run it. He had gotten himself in deep. He needed a partner who was not an office boy to curb him. But Wellington refused.

It was just about this time that Whitney was made president of the Exchange—an inveterate gambler, an extravagant and reckless business man, a shaven short whose friends and sponsors were worried about him was put at the head of the Exchange at a moment when Wall Street was threatened with investigations and when Congress and the people were clamoring for its blood. Why?

It was an act of supreme dumbness. But it was probably impossible for the Exchange to escape it. The Exchange has for years been dominated by the great banking house which is its neighbor. How it has dominated the Exchange is no secret in Wall Street. That great banking house has millions to pass out each year in participations and the governors of the Exchange have been favored beneficiaries of those participations. The Exchange has usually jumped whenever a string was pulled across the street at Morgan's. Whitney was doubtless the ideal Stock Exchange president for the Morgans because his brother was a Morgan partner. But he was the worst possible president for the Exchange membership itself. In the critical hour of the Exchange's history they took a terrible chance—and lost.

The next point which challenges our wonder is the length of time that Whitney was allowed to run through his adventures and continue to lift a dominating voice in the affairs of the Exchange, even after he ceased to be president, even, indeed, after the Exchange's governors, or many of them, had caught him red-handed in larceny.

The firm of Richard Whitney and Company was a bond house. Ostensibly it had no margin customers and was not interested in that stormy side of the market where stocks are traded. But in fact, Whitney himself was an inveterate gambler in stocks. Also he was known to have plunged heavily in several speculative enterprises—on a fertilizer business in Florida, and an applejack distillery in Jersey. He spent a lot of time on the Exchange floor and horned into pools many times. One reputable member of the Exchange told me that he felt ashamed of his institution when Whitney, before the Senate Committee, pretended ignorance of pools, whereas, said his fellow governor, "I had seen him working pools himself on the floor while he was president." These things were known about Whitney. But it was also known by many men, and particularly by governors of the Exchange, that during all this

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period he was a heavy borrower around the Street.

The man's borrowing was shameless. Of course all brokers are continuous borrowers at the banks, and even from others. But this borrowing is done upon adequate collateral and is part of the business of brokerage. Whitney was borrowing without collateral, which meant he was plunging in deep over his head. And he was borrowing around from fellow brokers "on his face."

As early as June, 1931, the House of Morgan had to come to his rescue with a loan of $500,000—a loan, by the way, which was never paid. In 1933, in the midst of the stock-market investigation, the Morgan firm wrote that loan off—or at least "left it behind," as they say, did not carry it forward as an asset when the firm was reorganized on the death of a partner.

Whitney, as president, would sit in his impressive office in the Exchange, buttressed around with the ancient renown of his Morgan connection, and send for members and even governors of the Exchange and put the bee on them for a hundred thousand or more as casually as a newspaper man borrows a couple of bucks.

Because he borrowed from everybody he could successfully reach, his borrowings at last became known. He borrowed a hundred thousand from Herbert Wellington, a governor. He borrowed another hundred thousand from Bertrand J. Taylor, another governor. He borrowed $50,000 from Paul J. Adler, specialist and another governor. He borrowed a hundred thousand from Roger D. Mellick. He borrowed $75,000 in securities from Roland Redmond, attorney of the Exchange. He borrowed from Hayden, Stone. He borrowed a hundred thousand from E. A. Pierce and Company and pledged his Stock Exchange seats and then borrowed from two or three others pledging the same Exchange seats. He borrowed securities from Moore and Schley, from Kountze and Howe. He attempted to borrow from many others. He had five personal loans at the same time in five banks upon no other collateral than stock of a corporation which no longer existed. They ranged from $50,000 to $100,000.

All this was known and men talked about it. When, therefore, they all protested after his crash that they were dumbfounded, that they never suspected that Richard Whitney could possibly be in financial troubles, that they dismissed rumors and tales which reflected on him as unimportant because it was unthinkable that his financial position was not firm, they were a good deal less than frank. Only one witness, in Washington, was frank about it. Ben Smith, Exchange member and big operator, testified that there was a lot of idle gossip as early as 1931, that "Whitney was on the cuff everywhere," that the gossip had been going on for years.

Yet during much of this time Richard Whitney was thrust out in front as the spokesman and champion of the Exchange against its critics.

The most serious aspect of this, however, has to do with the behavior of the governors of the Exchange in connection with the Gratuity Fund incident. The Fund is managed by a committee of the governors called the Gratuity Fund Committee. Whitney was a member of this committee and E. H. H. Simmons, former president of the Exchange, was chairman.

The fund was invested in bonds and the committee from time to time bought new bonds and sold some of those it held. This business was handled for them by Richard Whitney and Company. In February, 1937, Whitney sold some City of New York bonds for the committee and from this and other sources had in his hands over $200,000 of the committee's funds. He also, about the same time, bought $175,000 of Pacific Gas and Electric Company bonds for the committee. Nine months later Whitney had not yet delivered the $200,000 cash and the $175,000 worth of bonds. Instead he used the money in his speculative transactions and hocked the bonds to get more money for the same purpose.

Out of this transaction several questions arise touching the conduct of the Gratuity Committee itself. First, how could the committee defend giving this business to one of their own number—Whitney, a trustee acting in the capacity of agent of the trustees? Second, how could this committee of business men fail to notice that over $300,000 worth of cash and securities was out of their possession for nine months? The third question grows out of the conduct and reactions of the committee after it discovered that Whitney had used its funds and bonds. But look at this episode in any of these aspects and you see the crowning curse of the Exchange —the strange confusion and even obtuseness about the whole fiduciary relationship.

Questioned by the SEC examiners, one governor after another insisted he saw no impropriety in the conduct of the Gratuity Committee in giving its brokerage business to one of its members. "It had always been done that way." "What is wrong with that?" they asked. We need not bother about morals. It may be reduced to cold business items. If a broker not a member of the committee had been employed to buy and sell bonds for it there would never have been any trouble. Even had the broker been dishonest he would have been required to deliver the purchased bonds immediately. He would not have been permitted to hold the cash a day.

The clerk of the Gratuity Committee knew that Whitney had the cash and bonds. Five times he timidly suggested to the high and mighty Whitney that they ought to be returned. But he dared not press the matter. "Mr. Whitney was a very powerful man." "Mr. Whitney was very sharp to employees." The clerk never breathed it to anyone else. At least he says he didn't. The other committee members didn't trouble themselves to look at such irrelevant things as bank

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balances and bookkeeping accounts. The treasurer just assumed Mr. Whitney had returned these valuables. With an outsider the committee and its employees would have observed plain business principles. There would have been no assumptions, no squeamishness about checking, etc. The simple truth is that the old wisdom of not permitting a man to act on both sides of a counter, to be both trustee and contractor with the trustee at the same time, still holds good. Let the parsons rail at it as much as they will. We may not be concerned over what the parsons preach. But behind the parsons' doctrine is a sound business policy. Business men know this. In the managements of their staffs they follow it. But down in Wall Street the doctrine grows dim. It apparently occurred to no one to question the wisdom of having Broker Whitney get a job from Trustee Whitney. Mr. Gay posed the point to a governor once but it was promptly dismissed.

But how could these business men fail to notice that $200,000 was out of a rather modest bank account for nine months? They have a clerk. They have a bookkeeper. They knew the bonds and cash had been handled by a man who was an incessant borrower around Wall Street. They knew the times were difficult. They knew the Exchange was under constant hostile scrutiny. Yet no one ever looked at a balance sheet or an inventory or a bank balance. No one asked any questions. No one knew that perhaps 70 percent of the cash of the committee and a large fracton of its bonds were in the hands of a reckless speculator for nine months and had been used by him in his own enterprises.

But far more serious than this was the behavior of the committee after Whitney's defalcation was discovered. On November 22 the Gratuity Committee met. Whitney was not present. This time the clerk summoned up courage to observe that Mr. Whitney had most of the committee's cash and $275,000 of its bonds and had had them for nine months. All the members of the committee swore that this did not shock them. It did not disturb them. What did they suppose he had been doing with it? Why had he failed to return it? What honest man would want to assume the responsibility of holding another's money that long?

But this was the hour of fate for Whitney. When the meeting was over E. H. H. Simmons, chairman, called Whitney's office on the telephone and told a partner that he wanted the cash and money delivered next day.

Now either Whitney had the cash and bonds or he didn't. If he didn't it was because he had used them. Next day, November 23, at noon, Whitney telephoned and said he was very busy and asked until next day to deliver them. This could mean only one thing—he didn't have them. Simmons insisted on delivery by three o'clock, but Whitney didn't deliver them at that hour. Instead he assured Simmons he would deliver the property next day, that he had seen his brother George and that everything would be all right.

Of course no man capable of simple addition could doubt what this meant. It meant Whitney had used the cash and bonds of the committee, did not have them, couldn't deliver them and had to go to his brother George to borrow the necessary money. Whitney had misappropriated the committee's property.

Simmons went to see George Whitney. George Whitney said not to worry as the bonds and cash would be delivered next day. George Whitney supplied the money to redeem the bonds and make up the cash. Richard Whitney had defaulted. The chairman of the Gratuity Committee knew it. The members, all governors, knew it. The attorney of the Exchange knew it. But, they testified, they thought it wasn't serious. Dick had just been pinched for cash. This, of course, is the reason most defaulting cashiers have for doing the same thing. And anyhow, he made good. They got the money and securities back. Whitney had gambled away the money and bonds but his brother made good. They did absolutely nothing about it. Whitney remained on the Gratuity Committee. He remained on the powerful Law Committee. He remained on the Board of Governors. Of course he remained on the Exchange.

When they were confronted with these performances and questioned about the ethical values involved, they quibbled about the meaning of the word "trustee." They were not sure they were trustees. The Board of Governors might be the trustees, they were just a committee of the Board. Thus they smeared a thin crust of salve over their consciences.

After that, rumors about Whitney flew thick and fast. George and Richard Whitney conferred with Simmons about getting Richard out of the brokerage business. A specialist left the floor one day to report to a governor of the Exchange that a flood of Greyhound shares was being poured in distress selling at his post and it was supposed to come from Whitney. Similar reports ran around the floor. Bernard Smith in December told the president of the Exchange that Whitney was broke and that the sooner the Exchange got rid of him the better. Yet no one moved to check the man who seemed to be above the law. But soon the rumors grew too thick. Then the Business Conduct Committee sent Whitney a questionnaire. When he answered it his doom was sealed. It should have been sent six months sooner.

But now the Exchange has been reorganized. A new man—young William McC. Martin—heads the Exchange. He is an honest man. He has the backing of the honest men on the Exchange. His greatest job is to deal with all those loose ends, bad practices which linger even though Whitney is in jail.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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Spain in War

I: *The People*

I CAME INTO SPAIN this last time just after the drive down the Ebro to the sea had cut off Catalonia from the Levant and Madrid. I came troubled about what I should find in Barcelona. I remembered the town from the old days: the suave, soft city, unlike both France and the rest of Spain, with its mobile grace that the sun on the blue sea and the cathedral all opalescent glass and the fragile lovely women (the fairest of Europe) seemed to symbolize. And I remembered the first year of this war: Catalonia's absorption in its own private and romantic revolution. Would its people be able to repeat the desperate defense of Madrid, a town whose folk are hard and stubborn as the Guadarrama? I found in Barcelona and Catalonia a folk transfigured. I found there, at once, Spain.

For thirty years the prosperity of Barcelona and the neighboring towns has drawn immigrants from the rest of Spain, principally Aragon, Valencia, Murcia. The war has finished the process of making Barcelona a Spanish city, and Catalonia a universal Spanish province. In every factory I visited, the workers from Estremadura, Andalusia, Aragon, the Asturias and the three Basque counties, equaled the Catalans. In every Catalan front from Teruel to Tortosa, the soldiers and officers with whom I spoke were aggressively Spanish: not a province was missing. This war has at last completed what the wars against Napoleon and the full century of revolts (Carlist and otherwise) started. The Spaniards have been fighting to wake up, for a hundred years: to be precise, for one hundred and twenty-six years, since the Cortés of Cádiz in 1812 gave the word "liberal" to the world and wrote what remained for some time the first liberal constitution of Europe. The waking has been a difficult, slow process, precisely because the results of the earlier wars of independence (those against the Moors which Isabel concluded with the conquest of Granada) were so successful. Those wars, in their centuries of fire, forged the solid self-sufficient Spaniard, a *person* and a cosmos to himself, his family and his commune: the most truly cultured peasant of all Europe, resting content and strong within the agrarian economy and the Catholic Church which Isabel and all Spain thought to be eternal.

The nineteenth century with its invasions and economic strife marked the beginning of the death of that Spain which had lived four centuries—a long time for a cultural equilibrium! The Spaniard scarce seemed to budge, psychologically or geographically. When I first knew Spain in 1921, there were plenty of signs of the budging: there were the political-industrial disorders pitifully covered for a time by the "dictatorship" of Primo de Rivera; there were the separatist movements of Basque and Catalan; above all there was an enormous literary and artistic ferment (Unamuno, Juan Ramón Jiménez, Baroja, Picasso, Falla); but the average Spaniard everywhere from Gerona to Cádiz, from Valencia to Badajoz, persisted in his air-tight century-old cosmos.

All that is over. The new Spain is awake today. It is too bad that agony, treachery and death should be the matrix of this birth: too bad that foreign planes bombing towns and bands of wild-eyed political dreamers set up against the cold gangs of mercenaries, should have been the means of shattering the peoples of Spain into awareness. But that is the mystery of suffering, which Job observed, and doubtless many a wise man before him.

I found Spain, this time, sober, resolute, horribly suffering, wondrously matured. The moment I crossed the frontier, the thought of possible surrender vanished like a monstrous fantasy.

Oh, yes: this people might be murdered. If military expediency encourage the cold rage of the Fascists, they could send their scorpions of the air in greater number to sting Spain's towns to death. They can do it; the Loyalists lack anti-aircraft guns sufficient to resist a fleet of planes (the ones being reserved for the assault of Paris and London). And then the method, long since in effect in the conquered districts, can be carried on. I got some figures from one of the most quiet, sober men in Spain, President Manuel Azaña, whose whole being is repelled by exaggeration. Fifty thousand murdered in Seville alone (everyone with a union card); 20,000 in Navarre (this province, last stronghold of the Carlists, cast only 30,000 votes for all the Left parties in February, 1936, returning no single deputy; so that Señor Azaña figured two out of every three of these voters have been shot by the Fascists). Yes, the Spanish people might be murdered; they are being murdered. But submission is unthinkable—if you go to Spain. Provided the present situation continues (and I don't see how it can, indefinitely), the sheer mass of bombs and guns might crush the Loyalist government and its cities. The war, then, *la guerra*, might stop. It would be the signal for beginning, in every part of Spain, of *la guerilla*.[1]

[1] Significantly, guerilla warfare is most active, today, farthest from the front—in Estremadura.

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The rationalist minds of Western Europe and America, incapable of understanding Spain, have thought of this war and of victory in terms of position. Win such a series of strategic places, they figure, and the Loyalists are done for. They cannot grasp how the route to Tortosa cutting the Republic in two has proven a cathartic, cleaning the army of its impurities and incompetencies and actually strengthening the morale behind the lines. This is no longer a war of position; it has become a struggle which the vast majority of Spaniards accept within their lives as the *norm of existence*. They may be driven from home; they may lose half their family (I met no single Spaniard who has not suffered intimate personal loss); they may lose an eye or a limb; they may half starve (in the towns, outside the provinces of Valencia and Alicante, they are half-starving): the norm continues. It is to struggle while life lasts against the Fascist invader. And if one means of carrying on that struggle is removed, the Spaniard, with several hundred years of indoctrination in life's tragedy, will find another.

I hope that is clear. The Spanish people cannot, in my judgment, be beaten (short of annihilation of that minority which in any nation alone acts), because their will to live has become, less the will to survive or to win, than *the will to struggle*.

On the other hand, the Fascists must win or scatter. And as the months become years, in which they do not win, their will is sapped. The Spanish people have what they want, every day: they want to struggle and they do struggle—until a bomb or a bullet ends their individual will altogether. Strabo called the Iberians "the most warlike of the Barbarians." (Do not confuse the word with *military*.) As I pointed out, many years ago, the Spanish essence has not changed. It absorbed Celt, Phoenician, Roman, Visigoth, Jew, Arab—driving out the Moor—and remained Spanish. It has changed from a barbarism to the most integral popular culture of Europe (this, during the centuries of "decadence"). It is now absorbing industrialism, socialism. It is still Spanish. I don't see how the foreign Fascists, short of murder, can beat it.

And let me, before I go on, justify my use of the term "Spanish people" in speaking of the Loyalists and of their active sympathizers in Rebel Spain. The elections of February, 1936, gave the United Front (mostly moderate Left) only 240,000 more votes than the Right, out of an approximate total of 9,000,000. With the July rebellion, undoubtedly a large minority of Spain's people were friendly with the generals. Miguel de Unamuno, most typical genius of his generation, was among these sympathizers. Above all, he detested the "European rationalism" of Manual Azaña. In less than a month, he had turned against Franco; and with mad courage, from his house in Salamanca where they imprisoned him, he reviled the rebellion—and kept it up till death freed him. That is what happened to most of the good folk who, sick of the bunglings and ricochets of the Republic, thirsty for order and for some continuance of those sources of life which they named tradition, had hopes in Goded, Sanjurgo, Mola and Franco.

Believe me, I have a very good idea of what life is today in Seville, Málaga, Burgos, Zaragoza. Loyalists pass over every afternoon for a cup of wine in the fondas. I know why General Franco has had to forbid the wearing of mourning; I know what the Rio Tinto miners have learned since 1936; I know what happened to General Yague; I have a suspicion of the state of mind of General Francisco Franco. The good folk did not count on an Italo-German-Portuguese-British invasion of their Spain. They had dreams of the return of Isabela la Católica, and, at worst, of Torquemada. Even the Bishops have failed to hide their mistake. But they have also learned, after a certain number of wholesale killings in the local bull-rings, that for the present it is best to let the Loyalist government wage *la guerra* for them. If the army breaks, there'll be time to start *la guerilla* in earnest. And while I'm on this side, let me add one more point: No man is more concerned that the loyal army should *not* break than General Franco. Complete victory for him would be the end of him. The Spaniards in his towns would call on him to turn out the foreigners. And when he failed, as he must fail, his power would fade and his life would not be worth a peseta.

II

On the Spanish side of Spain, the happiest are the soldiers; and I find as I look back that I spent my happiest hours with them in the front-line trenches. I suppose in any war the soldiers must create out of themselves (or go mad) a collective organism which assumes the burden of responsibility and removes the fear of death. I can say from my own experience that fear dwindles as one moves forward toward the enemy guns *in company*. The collective body runs the risk; the individual body (if you get through safe) enjoys the druglike exhilaration of escape. And as with any drug, you want to repeat it. But to this common sloughing off of individual troubles, the Spanish soldier adds the conscious glory of his mission. Every last man of them knows why he's fighting. For Spain? Oh, yes, but for the world! Ninety yards from the Fascist machine guns on the tower of Lérida cathedral, a young Andalusian corporal said to me: "Every time we kill an Italian soldier, there's one enemy less for the Italian people." It was a casual remark. I was amazed at the swift political awareness of these sons of Spain, and at the universal sense of the Crusade which they have transposed from the centuries when common Spaniards crossed the sea, the jungles and

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the mountains, to bring God's word to the antipodes. "We fight world fascism for the world," they told me. "Sure, they may smash us; but they can't win the world." Their questions were about England, France, the American arms embargo and when Roosevelt would wake up and lift it. No bitterness among the soldiers. It was as if they did not expect much; as if no cowardice across the frontier could break their *alegría*, the essential gayety of comrades (I learned how a man can laugh under fire) who know why they are fighting.

In the rear, I found bitterness when the question came up of the French and British. One young woman, her face white with fervor, voiced what every visitor to Spain in one form or another has heard: "If we had our democracy for a hundred years, and we saw the peoples of France and England struggling to win theirs, would we send them arms? *We would send them armies!*"

It is sober truth. The generosity of the Spaniards is the sharpest trait dividing them from the French and British. And generosity is a mark of strength, of fullness. It is a virtue that has its defects. The Spaniards do not know how to save. When there is sugar, they waste it (huge bowls of it in the cafés, and then not a trace of sugar for love or money). Even today, with the whole population longing for real tobacco, it has never occurred to Spain to save the butts, like the *chiffoniers* of Paris. And although they are straitened for munitions, they waste them daily on the front with those endless individual potshots at nothing, so dear to the Spaniard.

If the soldiers are the happiest of men in Spain today (in any war), their sisters who man the factories are the happiest of the women. Like the armies, these shops in which arms and clothes are made, have become universally Spanish, no matter where they are. Subtle beauties from Catalonia work beside the rock-hard mountain women of Aragon and Castile and the expansive earth-broods of the south.

It is night; the windows are muffled so that no light escapes into the streets that lie within the perpetual menace of the bombers. At long rows of tables in long rooms work the hundreds of women. They work well; that is my first impression. But no, my first impression is that these women are *living* well. In most countries, my own for instance, the workers toil well but one has the sense that they are toiling, not living: when the day's task is done, with what is left of their energies they will go out into the streets and home, to live. When I was in the Soviet Union in 1931, I found a true spirit of living among the workers. But the ignorant past weighed too heavily upon these children of the Tsar; they were not working well, they had not yet learned how. Spain suffers at war; yet these women gave forth a spirit almost of gayety. And when I watched them in quiet I saw that they were swift and straight with their hands. They worked with a relaxedness, as if they were "at home," that I have never seen in factories before.

This is the bright side of war, and this its deadliest menace: that in war's simple actions, there is a kind of peace. The unhappiest victims of war are the mothers who do not work in factories, but who have children, half-starving, to feed; and their children. The women stand quietly in queues for bread, oil, perhaps a bottle of wine. But at the milk station, when the supply runs low, they become frantic females, ready to claw their way forward over the bodies of others like them. The heart of this bitterness of war one can see in Spain, in the *refugios*.

This one used to be a seminary for priests, a magnificent huge structure severe and mathematical, with five courts and a chapel that rose in glory of stained-glass windows. Now there dwells in it a nation of mangled towns and maimed families. In May, 1937, during the revolutionary troubles, many of the windows were smashed, a whole wing was burned. A bomb recently splintered another section, killing scores of children, and the thousands of refugees who crowd from cellar to roof have completed the sullying of the structure's cold, aloof grace.

The circular Renaissance chapel is filled with smoke: not incense of priests, smoke of countless little fires at which the women boil water or fry peas. Rising to the cupola where it escapes through the smashed stained glass, the smoke dims the Dantesque spectacle of women, children, old men, huddled about their mattresses on the stone floor. Every room and corridor and cellar houses these true inhabitants of war who wait for war to end as never in their lives they have waited for heaven. They eat not enough to keep them from starving, just enough to keep them from dying. The mothers, their faces stamped with a calm more dreadful than the earlier storms of terror, still fight for a bit of bread or for soap for their children. The young girls are the most listless, many preferring to spend the day beneath their blankets, shamed by the foul clothes they must wear and the want of smiles in the world to greet them. The old men are broken by the disgrace of their age that keeps them from the co-operative paradise of the trenches.

In one of the largest halls (where perhaps three years ago the plump candidates for priesthood heard the exposition of the *Summa* of Aquinas), the children eat their breakfast of *papilla*, a porridge of oats. Their lunch will consist of beans or chickpeas without oil; their supper a piece of bread and more *papilla*. The doctor assured me it is a diet for slow starvation; a couple of years more of it will mark the bodies of these children forever. Sadness, strain, are a shadow on these boys and girls. They do not know it, perhaps they never will: their hearts are broken. And their mothers stand beside them, anger in their eyes at this

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injury an unimaginable world wreaks on their children. Many have been born upon the road in the escape from pursuing planes while other children were being blown to death. The mothers' stories are horrible in sameness of abandoned and crushed houses, of fathers, brothers, husbands, lost in some Fascist shambles. The burden of war: humiliation.

"No hay remedio," there's no help for it: the burden of all the people. They have accepted the norm of suffering and struggle, and they who struggle less suffer the more. Not for nothing has this people of Spain risen from a culture in which the sense of the tragedy of life was ever present, and Christ tortured on a cross for mankind was as real as the cactus in the *huerta.* The sons and daughters of Queen Isabel stand up to the machinery of the Fascists in defense of a world that would be as strange to Isabel as the Italian bombers, but in a spirit and with a stamina that the old Catholic queen dreamed for her people.

WALDO FRANK

This is the first of three articles on the situation in Spain. The second will appear in an early issue. – THE EDITORS

Social Symbolists

Six Younger Poets

Two currents have dominated modern poetry: symbolism and socialism. Until recently, these two currents found their separate channels. Poets like Pound, Eliot and Wallace Stevens spoke unconventionally from an isolated position; Lindsay, Masters, Markham, traditionally, but from the battle's center. The merging of these currents was signaled from England in the work of Auden, Day Lewis and Spender, but it had already begun among the younger symbolists themselves here—in the work of Gregory, Cowley and MacLeish. Its special expression is already taking form in the work of the succeeding generation—a form less attenuated and a content more hopeful than is to be found in the English brotherhood—maturely in such poets as Rukeyser, Fearing and Agee, but with increasing assurance among others, less known, but about to be heard from. – *S. R.*

The People Has No Obituary

Death cannot surprise us who are driven
Century after century through seas of men.
No drought of life is here, no person
Too rare to lose, who cannot be found again.

Partings are not final. No self is past changing
And replacing. Grains from a deep bin
Male and female we are broadcast. Without ritual
Seed is severed from flower, kith from kin.

Death does not frighten us who read the notices
Of thousands dying. We have won
Only a number by our borning, and another
Long number when the sand has run.

Death is a word the rich love, keening
Over the precise career of a lost *one.*
We are the seed spent lavishly in cities:
We wander, mourning all but naming none.

Men, women in cities, multitudes, millions,
Receding, increasing without annual plan,
The people is the jungle-soil of heroes, flourishing
When death dries out the special planted man.

EUNICE CLARK

Prelude to South Chicago

Even in winter the sun will shine one day or another.

Over this packed triangle of city blocks sprawled out and warped
southeastward from university to refinery (from the graceful
dominion of knowledge to the barbedwire sources of ultimate power),
breaking the thin steel shell of cold between us and the Florida sky,
the sun will come out and shine unclouded day.

Unwanted slovenly horde of begging housefronts wedged continuously
away from the kept suburban streets of trees and hedges,
faded frame buildings cringe eveningward between railroads and vacant lots.

Gridiron of warehouse avenues bridged over the scum of ship canals
where lakeboats will unload coal and iron-ore for the southside mills:
are the spouting furnace-fires at Republic Steel not bright enough for your darkness?
Red neontubes run fever at midnight around beerjoints and the syndicate brothels—
drink up, boys: forget the starspangled sky and the teargas bombs bursting in air!

(Here even in winter a moon like remembered love will shine some night.)

Some nightcop's nightstick against a lightpost idly
brags of the broken heads and the women with bloody faces.

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A truck's backfiring echoes through the empty streets: and
suddenly,
fangs unfleshed, the hired animals in uniform are upon us,
barking from behind revolver-shots, in a dusty field
trampled now by running men who curse and stumble
over the slumped bodies of men covered with white dust
and red blood, as if by the American flag.

(Here, helmeted in steel, some night the huntress-moon
will come:
whose bowstring, twanging anger, will drive the exact
arrows of our laughter
against even the most scornful, the mightiest men.)

Here some day even in winter the sun will come forth and
shine!

WILLIAM STEPHENS

And the Great March Is On

The shoreline leaps beside the hurrying spars,
The ship is flowing down a sea of rain,
The sea is traveling in a land of stars,
The stars are vaulting onward into brain:
And the great march is on, and matter creaks,
And the vast corners are giving way fast;
The walls are shuddering back from golden peaks
And we are breaking house with all the past.

It is no dream now trampling at the height:
The sunset rides stampeding hills of sound,
The ancient landscape bends with myrmidons:
It is no good, no go, to stand our ground
In splendid failure while the changing suns
Lash at our hollows with their feet of light.

OSCAR WILLIAMS

Sentry's Speech from "The Destroyers"

Now all things melt and shift in the moon's light.
The walls before you alter. The landscape
Alters. Familiar things
Take unfamiliar shape.
The building you knew at noon of such a height
Will shrink by dusk. The very street
That led you to your house begins to change,
And as you walk the thing within your mind
Takes form before the echo of your feet.
And there, behind the door you knew you locked yourself
Twist the key and find
A dead man in his winding sheet.

The knowledge you had at morning by the night
Will cope with nothing. The measured mile
Between two landmarks stretches and contracts.
Time no longer fixed
To the actuated shadow on a dial
Will break and waver like your image
In wind-blown water.
All laws broken
According to some law you sense but worse
Than none because you cannot understand,
Seeing it only as unappeasable curse
Making you stranger to your own hand;
All problems crossed, no sum
You learned at school will quite work out;
Nothing constant but the power
To prove upon the world your every doubt.
It is the moment of the whirlpool, moment
Of the abyss where all things stream.
O you who sleep tonight within this city!
Think now of order, for in what's to come
You'll learn how "be" and "seem"
May interchange along with "plan" and "chance"
And hear above your heads destruction dance
On the curved roof of the universe as a drum.

ARCHIBALD FLEMING

Take-off by the Medicine Closet

Take off from baldly bathroom crockery,
Steamy mirror, chromium-bound,
Sanitation's claustrophobic mockery;
From trickle sound;

From pills and powders, daily doses,
Soda water for the bowels;
From ringworm of the foot, neuroses
And tufted towels;

From pimple-puncture, furtive douche,
From body fears and blasphemous habits,
Acid astringents, germicides farouche;
From zeal of Babbitts;

The purgatives along the shelf
Miss the most poisonous deposits;
Your face glows back but not your very self
From mirrored closets.

No lotion, potion, yeast or cream,
Will clear the clotted soul's complexion,
No tube of unguent here will soothe, no steam
Burst your infection.

So cease this fearsome private scrutiny
Of hairs that fall and skins that flake off.
Arise in masterly organic mutiny:
This is the take-off.

EUNICE CLARK

For One Who Would Not Take His Life in His Hands

Athlete, virtuoso,
Training for happiness,
Bend arm and knee, and seek
The body's sharp distress,
For pain is pleasure's cost,
Denial is the route
To speech before the millions
Or personal with the flute.

The ape and great Achilles,
Heavy with their fate,
Batter doors down, strike
Small children at the gate,

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Driven by love to this,
As knock-kneed Hegel said,
To seek with a sword for peace
That the child may be lifted from
The recent dead.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said
The curious Socrates,
"I have asked, What is this life
But a childermass,
As Abraham recognized,
A working with the knife
At animal, maid and stone
Until we have cut down
All but the soul alone?
Through hate we come to love,
No other means is known."

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

Old Man on the Library Steps

Old man, you have no right to bow your head,
For all the years have done to you; your age
Should hurl at youth the example of its rage
Making us tireless—or with shame as dead.

Look up! Look down! What fiery lads devour
Wisdom to work with, or file weapons there?
History's champion, or a football player
Rubbing his biceps? Yet at such an hour

You who have lived to see your savings bled
By wealth all dry and dead, and culture clown,
Can leave no angrier token to this town
Than baffled stare and venerable head?

SELDEN RODMAN

British Taxes and Ours: 1938

A LARGE NUMBER of people in this country accept the British tax system as the standard by which to measure American tax institutions. This is a wholesome habit, for it is true that the British system as a whole applies the ability-to-pay principle more consistently and courageously than any other. References to the British standard have three limitations, however: First, that they are often misleading because the comparisons are between only small sectors of the two systems; second, that the British system itself is a man-made and finite creation possessing a few imperfections and limitations of its own; and third, that the British system is adapted to British conditions which are quite different in some respects from our own. In the course of this brief article, the writer will attempt to present a few significant facts concerning the two tax systems and the two countries which will facilitate fair comparisons and sound conclusions concerning our own tax system.

1. Do the British pay heavier income taxes than we do? The answer is yes, with qualifications. The British tax on a married man with no dependents, all income earned, is roughly thirty times as high as our federal tax if his income is $3,000, and eight times, four times, two times, and half again as high, respectively, if the income is $5,000, $10,000, $50,000 and $100,000. On the other hand, the effective rate of the British tax on an income of $5,000,000 is about 67 percent, as compared with our 76 percent. Thus, within the ranges of income received by 99 percent of the taxpayers, and including more than 80 percent of the income (1929), the British taxes are substantially higher. Conspicuously high incomes are more heavily taxed here.

The above conclusion can also be supported by the fact that in Great Britain the income tax furnishes over 34 percent of British national and local tax yield, compared with only about 19 percent in the United States. If the income tax in this country were to take the same proportion of the national income as in Great Britain it would yield well over twice as much as it now does.

It is true that comparisons between income taxes in the two countries sometimes leave out of account the state income taxes. The figures on tax yields presented above do not leave them out of account. They are not included in the individual comparisons, since obviously the comparison could not then be made for the United States as a whole. Only about two-thirds of the states have state income taxes, and the rates vary from one state to another. However, the inclusion of state income taxes would not greatly alter the picture, since in only five states does the rate range higher than seven percent. Moreover, the fact that federal taxes are allowed (in most states) as a deduction in calculating income for state income taxes, and state income taxes are allowed as a deduction in calculating income for federal taxes, makes the combination less burdensome than it may seem.

Thus the combined burden of the state and federal taxes on a $10,000,000 income in Wisconsin is not 91.5 percent, as might appear from the fact that the top Wisconsin rate is 12.5 percent, and the top federal rate is 79 percent; the effective burden of the two taxes combined is 78 percent.

It is also sometimes complained that no account is taken of the corporation income tax in comparing British and American tax burdens. Both countries tax corporate income, but the British tax is mainly a collection-at-the-source device and not a business tax; that is, the British taxpayer may offset the corporation tax

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against his personal tax whereas the American taxpayer cannot. In addition to the personal tax and the collection at the source from corporations, the British now impose a five-percent emergency business tax for war preparations. This tax is comparable to our corporation tax, but only about one-third as severe. The aggregate income-tax-yield figures presented above include the corporate income tax, but the individual comparisons do not. The American corporation tax is an impersonal tax and bears upon individuals' tax burdens only indirectly according to the degree in which their incomes consist of dividends. In some cases, particularly in the case of public-utility corporations, the corporation income tax is usually not a burden on the stockholder at all, since the corporation shifts the tax to the consumer. Moreover, it not infrequently happens that the corporation tax and the personal income tax are alternative rather than duplicating burdens upon the stockholder; that is, the corporation may reinvest its earnings, in which case the individual stockholder pays no direct personal tax at all.

2. Do the British pay heavier death taxes than we do? Again the answer is yes, with qualifications. The death-tax schedules in the two countries follow much the same pattern as the income-tax schedules: the exemptions are very much higher in the United States than in Great Britain, and the rates in the lower brackets are much lower; on the other hand (since 1935), the highest brackets of the American tax carry substantially higher rates than the British. The exemption in the federal estates-tax law in this country is $40,000, with an additional $40,000 for insurance; the British allowance is only £100 ($500). The American tax, including the state taxes and the gift taxes, yields about five percent of local and federal revenue compared with ten percent in Great Britain; and the proportion of the national income taken by such taxes in the two countries shows an even greater American advantage.

It is true that the British have no gift tax and that as a consequence the British tax is particularly easy to evade. The American law is definitely superior to the British in this respect. However, the British do have a provision that gifts made within three years of death are conclusively presumed to have been made in contemplation of death and are taxable under the estates-tax law. A similar provision in American laws has been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

This writer has made the statement that the British income and inheritance-tax system applied to American conditions would produce from two to three times as much revenue as we get from these taxes. The statement is correct, but needs the qualification that there are many factors that contribute to the productivity of the British tax which we might need to develop in order to achieve similar results. Among these factors are the British system of administration, the morale of the British taxpayer, the centralization of these taxes in the hands of the national government and the successful application of the income tax to farmers.

It should also be said that all of the above data make no allowance for the recent proposal by the British administration to raise the standard income-tax rate from 25 to 27½ percent. The trend in Great Britain under a conservative administration seems to be toward more reliance upon steeper income-tax schedules. The same could hardly be said for our "liberal" Congress.

3. Is it true that the British have no undistributed-corporate-income tax (such as was adopted in this country in 1936 and is all but repealed in the recent act of Congress)? The answer is yes, with qualifications. The income earned by corporations is taxed in Great Britain at a rate of 30 percent. This is a very high rate, almost equal in fact to the highest possible rate in this country (32.4 percent) which might be applied under the combined corporate-income and recent undistributed-income tax (assuming a very large corporate income and all income left undistributed) in this country. But the British allow the taxpayer to offset this tax (except for the five-percent business tax) against the stockholder's personal tax.

The British have less need for an undistributed-earnings tax than have we. The British taxpayer in the highest brackets can save himself less than 60 percent of his taxes by leaving money in a corporation. The American taxpayer (without the undistributed-profits tax) could save himself more than four-fifths of his total tax and all of his personal tax.

Thus a British taxpayer receiving a large income might pay taxes at the rate of 67 percent were earnings not left in a corporation, but pays only 30 percent if the earnings are reinvested by the corporation. The American taxpayer under similar circumstances (assuming no undistributed-income tax) will bear the indirect burden of the corporate tax (15 percent top) which he cannot avoid, but escape the additional personal tax (mounting to 79 percent) entirely.

No doubt the reinvestment of corporate earnings represents a large loophole in the British law as well as in our own. The loophole is recognized in Great Britain, but tolerated on the ground that corporate saving is necessary to maintain an adequate supply of capital. The same conclusion as applied to the United States need not be accepted.

4. Is it true that the British do not tax capital gains as income, while we do? Again the answer is yes, with qualifications. Under the British act most of what we define as capital gains is exempt; but we do not include, and for years have not included, all capital gains as income to be taxed at ordinary income-tax rates. On the contrary, the rates even under our 1934 law were substantially scaled down through the system of discounting gains on assets held more than two years. Thus under our law (before the recent amendment) a taxpayer who had held a security ten years or more

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was taxed, not at the full schedule of rates, but at less than one-third the normal schedule. Here is a case where we should be wary of taking the English tax system as our model. Many British critics are by no means satisfied with the treatment of capital gains and losses in the British law. For example, the well known Report of the Royal Commission on the Income Tax (1920) recommended that capital gains be included in the British tax base.

5. Do the British have tax-exempt securities? The answer is substantially no. Almost all interest on government securities is included in the British tax base. Of course, the opposite is true in this country. The income from practically all government securities in the United States is wholly or partially tax-exempt. Taken as a whole, our income-tax system with its combination of high surtaxes, undistributed-income tax, capital-gains tax and tax-exempt securities discriminates against the entrepreneur and risk-taking investor and favors the investor in government bonds. This discrimination does not exist in Great Britain. This is obviously unfair and socially unsound as long as we wish to encourage investment in private enterprise. As a first step in ending this discrimination we should eliminate tax-exempt securities.

6. If the British pay substantially heavier income and inheritance taxes than we, do they enjoy a compensating advantage in other taxes? Certainly not in motor-vehicle taxes. License fees on cars average over $53 as compared with our $8.50 and gasoline taxes come to 15.6 cents per gallon as compared with 5.5 cents in this country. Taxes on liquor and tobacco show a corresponding advantage for the American taxpayer, but the British have no general retail sales tax comparable to that obtaining in many American states.

Is it true, as recently contended by Mr. Harry Scherman in The New York Herald Tribune, that taxes (as a whole) in this country have now "caught up" with those in Great Britain; that our own governmental costs are even higher than the British; and that our large and continuing deficits have been avoided in Britain? The answer is yes or no, with important qualifications. Measured as a ratio to national income, our tax burden in 1936 was 18.9 percent as compared with the British 20.3 percent. It is true that this and a greater advantage in earlier depression years have been maintained by governmental deficits in this country. But now Great Britain also, in order to finance her armament program, has projected a series of deficits and higher taxes. Thus when we were perhaps about ready to "catch up" in taxes with Britain, that country took another jump. It is also true that our per-capita debt is less than half as great as the British. Finally our own tax advantage may be considerably understated by the figures, since our income is considerably further below pre-depression levels than theirs.

A word may be added concerning the concept of taxable capacity. When does a nation reach the point where any increase in the tax load would be disastrous or at least highly undesirable for the nation's economy? The answer is that there is no answer. All will depend upon the circumstances of time and place—the purposes for which the money is raised, the morale of the taxpayer and particularly the perfection of the taxation instruments which are to be employed. Presumably no taxation is too high if the majority of the nation feels it necessary to prevent annihilation by a foreign foe. And perhaps the same holds true for the prevention of widespread starvation; or for a restoration of morale to those who have long been without a decent opportunity and who are living far below their standard.

HAROLD M. GROVES

Not in the Cables

The Cagoulards Continue

Officially, the affair of the Cagoulards (the Hooded Men), which shook France last year, is as good as liquidated. Over fifty persons —business men, technicians, staff officers, and so forth— are under arrest awaiting trial. Among them are the murderers of the Rosselli brothers (editors of an anti-fascist publication in Paris) and the Russian economist, Navachine. These political crimes had long defied solution. Nearly thirty arms caches have been discovered in Paris and the provinces, and over five tons of munitions have been seized by the police.

Unofficially, however, it is known that at least twenty-five tons more of munitions, made in Italy and Germany, still remain in six hundred hiding places all over France. It is known that these arms are intended for use in a Rightist uprising against the French democratic institutions. The police have definite proof of these facts, yet are powerless to act. The real leaders of the plot still enjoy immunity and freedom. Backed by foreign interests and influential political figures, their organization—the so-called CSAR—still is a real menace to French civil peace. Indeed, its power is so great that the following exposé of the Rightist plot has not yet been fully publicized in France. No one has dared print it.

The clue that first led to the discovery of the plot was furnished by a professional French smuggler, Manuel Suzanne, whose activities were centered in Olhette, a small Pyrenean village. In February.

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Suzanne told an inquisitive French journalist that for many months he had been engaged in smuggling arms from Spain into France. He named his employers: Diharce, Suspéréguy and Lizan, and corroborated his statements by revealing a hiding place where several boxes of submachine guns were found. Suzanne and his "employers" are now under arrest.

The subsequent investigation showed that at least thirty tons of munitions had passed the Pyrenees into France. The munitions came from Hamburg aboard German ships, among them the S. S. "Westfalen." They were landed at the Spanish port of Pasajes, which has been conquered by German troops and transformed into a formidable naval base against France. In Pasajes, the arms were packed into portable boxes, each weighing fifty pounds. These were transported to Irun and deposited at the Casino. From there members of the Spanish Requetes transported them to the Spanish village of Vera. Vera, with its huge depots of arms, is under the control of a German officer. The final transportation of the boxes into France was supervised by a Frenchman named Borda, whose various adventures throw an interesting light on the methods employed by the Franco government and its French agents.

Until August, 1937, this Borda, a truckman in Sera (another Pyrenean village), had been smuggling arms on behalf of the Rebels. In August he was arrested on one of his trips, but succeeded in escaping from the French gendarmes and making his way to Irun.

Troncoso, the commanding Rebel officer at Irun (who was later involved in an attempt to capture a Loyalist submarine at Brest), paid for Borda's services by granting him the exclusive right to supply bread to the troops stationed in the district of Behobia. At the same time Borda was charged with supervising the arms traffic. Diharce and Suspéréguy were his French correspondents. The arms destined for the CSAR were stocked in a small inn, situated at milestone 34, about fifty yards from the French border. The inn was kept by a French deserter who had received this post through Troncoso.

In February, after the arrest of Suzanne and his employers, Borda began to feel insecure. With the help of the innkeeper at milestone 34, he managed to send an emissary into France, offering his help to the French police in return for a pardon. But somehow Franco's secret agents got wind of his plans. Two days later Borda's bakery in Behobia was burned, and the innkeeper at milestone 34 was seized by the Requetes. It is generally supposed that Borda and his assistant were executed by order of the German political police at Irun. However, in spite of the disappearance of these two important witnesses, the French police succeeded in getting to the bottom of the whole affair, thanks to the unexpected assistance of three French deserters from the Rebel forces.

These Frenchmen had been volunteers with Franco for several months, but had escaped when they realized that they were fighting under German officers. For fifteen days they wandered along the Bidassoa River which separates France from Spain. When finally, at the risk of their lives, they crossed into France, they revealed many hitherto unknown details as to the smuggling activities of Franco's agents. They had met Borda during their wanderings along the border and were able to indicate the name of another smuggler at Bordeaux, who acted as a distributing agent for the CSAR.

If the evidence of these refugees were published in France, it would assuredly provoke important developments. Thanks to them, for instance, we know that a prominent French politician, M. Ybarbégaray, a member of the Chamber of Deputies and vice-president of Colonel de la Rocque's French Social Party, was involved in the financing of the arms traffic. I had a personal interview with these refugees, and one of them, M. Chappuis, formally confirmed M. Ybarbégaray's connections with Borda.

The French police, however, are keeping silent, and for the present the incriminating facts remain carefully shelved in the dossiers. The reasons for this silence can only be guessed at. It is alleged that even more important personalities than M. Ybarbégaray—among them a former Premier—are involved. It is also charged that the British Tory government, under the pretext that civil peace must be preserved in France at any cost, has intervened in behalf of the CSAR leaders. And it is still a matter for conjecture whether the police will discover the missing twenty-five tons of munitions, or wait until it is too late to forestall their use against the French people.

V. POZNER

Wiltshire

Under this tumulus,
death under his pale head,
death in the airless darkness,
the white chalk black as lead:
lies here a man,
bones of his breast
tumbled as carelessly
as my live bones rest
here on the grass of his tomb.

Here, where I lie above
in my bright tomb of sky,
my buried bones do not move;
flesh, and the dark blood, heavily
press down, press down:
dead both, we stay
face to face and silently—
his night and my day
merge, are the grave, are the womb.

VALENTINE ACKLAND

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Shoot the Works

Free Speech, with Reservations

IT IS A GREAT PITY that Voltaire is dead. In the popular mind (please put me on the list) he is remembered almost solely because of his famous words about free speech. The principle is plain enough and all who believe in democratic processes should subscribe to that principle. In spite of the clarity of Voltaire's declaration there has been some dispute about its interpretation, but differences of opinion are even more numerous as to its practical application. There is need of a postscript from the master. What I have in mind is a recent editorial in The New York Times. I want to quote it in part:

"It is reported that the Civil Liberties Union has offered to defend Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling, author of 'The Red Network,' against the charge that she slandered the Methodist Bishop of Nebraska and Iowa in a recent broadcast. The union would aid Mrs. Dilling because it disapproves of radio censorship."

Call me Hitler, call me Mussolini and an inveterate foe of free speech, and even so I will go on record as saying that if the report is correct it is, in my opinion, a silly performance on the part of the Civil Liberties Union. Even good causes can be reduced to an absurdity by picking far-fetched and fantastic situations in which to function.

The point might be made that the stanchest exponent of free speech may well admit that there should be penalties for libel or slander after the event. I don't know the Bishop and I am acquainted with Mrs. Dilling only as an author. Nor have I any information as to what the good lady called the good cleric. So let's skip the legal phases and consider the proposed action of the Civil Liberties Union merely as a matter of social behavior.

First of all I would indict the offer as not being made in good faith. The Union must have grave suspicions that Mrs. Dilling does not wish to be encumbered with its aid. I take it that Roger Baldwin wants to make the author of "The Red Network" look silly. But Roger could lie quiescent in a hammock and still attain that admirable ambition. The offer is what is known as a gesture. And I'm against that. The man who makes a gesture in the middle of a fight may take a right on the jaw in return. He must keep his hands up. The Civil Liberties Union is founded upon a devotion to pure principle. But one-hundred-percent purity is enervating. I don't think that Roger Baldwin or any of his associates should run to every fire. There are other bucket brigades. The New York Times applauds the fact that the Union issued a warning to the National Labor Relations Board "that it would be alert to defend employers against any attempt to restrict their freedom of speech." I do not applaud this, and in most cases of the sort it is possible to set up a legal rather than an economic base for dissent although I could take exception on both grounds.

It cannot fairly be said that when Mr. Big, the boss, says "I don't like unions," he is exercising the same right as Joe Jinks, a humble mechanic, who says, "I like unions." In issuing "Fordisms" to his workers, Henry was not merely exercising his constitutional right to express an opinion. He was telling them. He was dropping a hint as heavy as a ten-ton truck.

A heckler rises to ask, "But do you mean to say that just because a man is an employer he should be forever muzzled?" My first impulse was to reply, "That wouldn't be a bad idea." Then I realized that if there were a reporter present and the news of the day were very meager he might make a note of it. So my more considered reply ran, "No, but I think he ought to be made to watch his spots. A working rule might be that his privilege to let his hair completely down should come only at such times as he stands behind a white tie and a stiff shirt and prefaces his remarks with 'Mr. Toastmaster.'"

So far I am dealing with fantasy, but recently at a small mass meeting of professional groups in Toronto I was put somewhat on the spot in the question period. I had been speaking in favor of free press and free speech and the gentleman wanted to know, "Would you go to bat in defense of the Nazis' right to hold a mass meeting in your community?" I would like to have been able to follow doggedly in the footsteps of Voltaire but it was too late in the evening to be anything but candid. And so I answered approximately, "In principle I admit their right to have a meeting but I wouldn't break my back or lift my little finger to bring it about. There would be plenty of other people to do that job and I'd be content to let them do it."

This is less than perfect behavior, but I think it is natural behavior. As far as big employers go, they are not at a loss to get advocates to defend their right to sound off on labor. Why should the ACLU step into such cases?

Again I may be told that it is for the sake of the record and the glory of consistency. A lot of consistency is a dangerous thing and two rights can make a wrong. The Times editorial was entitled "Sauce for the Goose" and that isn't the beginning of my favorite proverb either. Ornithologists tell me that sex differences are reflected in quite dissimilar plumage.

A great many dissertations about capital and labor finally end up with the ringing declaration that the truth lies somewhere between the two. And out of this comes the argument that the Wagner Act is all wrong because it does not give the employer the same right to file complaints that labor has. But I think that such contentions are based upon a false premise. Over and over again orators and publicists state that all men are equal in the eyes of the law. Mere reiteration may convince many people but it doesn't make the statement true. Make the test of taking a single issue of any newspaper and looking through all the court cases. Not a day passes in which some story does not show vividly that the humble citizen gets the worst of the breaks. A taxi driver in a New York magistrate's court appeared as a proxy for a friend who had a summons. The irate magistrate gave him five days in jail. Hundreds and thousands of such things happen every day.

And so, after a good deal of wandering, I return to my original point. I think that organizations and individuals who dedicate themselves to the defense of free speech need not feel inconsistent or ashamed if they limit their activities to the services of the underdog. The upper dog can get along very nicely without any outside aid.

HEYWOOD BRO--

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Washington Notes

The President's Son

EXCEPT FOR Mr. Hamilton Fish's wild tirades, Mr. Alva Johnston's article, "Jimmy's Got It," in last week's Saturday Evening Post is the first full-dress attack on the Roosevelt family's personal ethics. Mr. Johnston recites Mr. James Roosevelt's career as an insurance salesman, and does what he can to make it seem shocking. He fails to explain clearly, however, that a majority of the enormous policies written by young Mr. Roosevelt—such as the two-million-dollar policy for Mr. George Washington Hill of the American Tobacco Company—date back to a period five years ago. Mr. Johnston himself says that Mr. James Roosevelt has long since resigned from his insurance company. Whatever may be the motives of The Saturday Evening Post in publishing Mr. Johnston's article just on the eve of a nationwide political campaign, it is sure to be used as a smear-the-President brickbat.

Nevertheless, friends of the President are probably bound to regret Mr. James Roosevelt's remarkable exploits as an insurance salesman in 1932-34, just as they are bound to regret Mr. Elliott Roosevelt's swift progress in the aviation industry immediately after leaving school, and his more recent success as a Hearst radio executive. If there is any blame, however, it must rest with their father. The business of being a President's son is obviously difficult and perplexing. The best opportunities to make money that come to you are likely to be inspired by your father's prestige. Whether or not to accept them is a question, not of morals, but of mature judgment. A worldly person would have known that for Mr. James Roosevelt to write insurance for great corporation heads at a time when the White House was pursuing an anti-corporation policy would inevitably invite criticism. The President has had wide experience in public life, and might well have warned his son.

To many observers, Mr. James Roosevelt seems a pleasant-mannered young man who is easily influenced by older persons. The great insurance-selling campaign was not his idea, but that of his Boston partner, Mr. John A. Sargent. If anyone could have been accused of exploiting the White House prestige, it was Mr. Sargent, not Jimmy. While living in Boston, Jimmy also gave the appearance of being under the influence of ex-Governor Curley of Massachusetts. Using Jimmy as a sort of animated testimonial, Mr. Curley puffed up a largely non-existent intimacy with the White House into an immense political structure. When he marched into the 1936 Philadelphia convention, surrounded by his personal troops with fixed, gleaming bayonets, half of New England's Democrats believed he was the Roosevelt choice for President in 1940. Jimmy's chief friend and exploiter, however, has been Mr. Joseph P. Kennedy. Last fall, when Mr. Kennedy coveted Mr. Morgenthau's job as Secretary of the Treasury, Jimmy worked so ardently in his behalf that Secretary Morgenthau was forced to angry protest.

During the last six months Jimmy has been an extremely helpful member of the White House group. Under the direction of the fairly scatter-brained Mr. McIntyre, the White House secretariat used to be a loose, non-meshing cog in the administration machinery. Jimmy has done a great deal to tighten it up. His sole public venture in politics, the endorsement of Mr. Claude Pepper in the Florida primaries, turned out to be a faultless coup.

Behind the President's decision to include Oklahoma in his summer's campaigning lies the odd fact that the WPA of that state, at least until the last two weeks, has been an administration handicap, and has given it a reputation, not for generosity, but for cold-hearted stinginess. Reactionaries may find this incredible, but the administration's extraordinary efforts in behalf of its candidate, Senator Elmer Thomas, the celebrated paper-money theorist, furnishes its best proof.

Mr. Thomas, running for renomination, has two opponents, Governor E. W. Marland and Representative Gomer Smith. Among other talents, Mr. Smith is probably the best free-sweating orator in the country. He is former boss of the local Townsend movement, and at the Townsend convention at Cleveland, two years ago, he engaged in a speech-making duel with the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith that constituted a record in long-windedness. Many persons think him another Huey Long, and the most serious of our home-grown Führers.

In the parallel Oklahoma governorship contest, the candidates are William S. Key, until recently the WPA administrator and a National Guard brigadier general, and the gnarled, dust-stained, miraculous "Alfalfa Bill" Murray. Mr. Key is the source of Senator Thomas' embarrassment. Oklahoma voters have not illogically assumed that Mr. Key, as holder of one of the best federal jobs, was a Roosevelt choice. They have grouped Senator Thomas and him together. Because of the WPA, however, Mr. Key has proved a weak candidate, and his unpopularity has ricocheted over upon Mr. Thomas.

The WPA's difficulties go back to the relief standards set by "Alfalfa Bill" Murray when he was Governor. Mr. Murray instituted a work-relief scheme under which recipients had two days' work a month at two dollars a day, or a total monthly income of four dollars. Oklahoma observers say this plan was a great success, by strictly political standards. By spreading relief thinly, Mr. Murray was able to include a substantial body of voters, each of whom was paid with an individual check on which Mr. Murray's name appeared in bold, beautiful letters. This is believed to be the only case of a politician's managing to distribute cashable campaign dodgers.

When later the WPA was created, it was partly guided by existing relief standards in setting its own minima. Since, because of "Alfalfa Bill," Oklahoma had an unimaginably low rate, it was allotted a WPA unskilled wage of $23 monthly. This was an advance of 475 percent, but it still left Oklahoma's rate among the lowest in the country. In the present campaign, this fact was pounced on by Mr. Gomer Smith. For weeks, at every crossroads, he told audiences that in Kansas, next-door, reliefers had a minimum of $32. This news enraged WPA workers and deeply touched the state pride of all Oklahomans. The blame, according to Mr. Smith, rested on Oklahoma's two unworthy officials, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Key. If Mr. Smith were

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elected Senator, he would get Oklahoma the federal money that rightly belonged to it. About three weeks ago, investigators reported back to Mr. Roosevelt that unless something were done about the WPA rate, Senator Thomas, as well as Mr. Key, was lost. Belatedly last week the administration moved to the rescue by lifting the WPA minima for thirteen Southern states. But, where eleven states received $26, Oklahoma and Kentucky—the arena of "Dear Alben" Barkley's fight with Governor "Happy" Chandler —were given $32. In such strange ways do the unemployed receive aid from the nation.

Washington T. R. B.

Mr. Flynn's signed article which begins on page 266 takes the place of his regular column this week. – THE EDITORS

"The Cradle" Rocks on Records

IT IS a sign of the times that "The Cradle Will Rock" by Marc Blitzstein makes its appearance on phonograph records during the same year in which it was produced. The phonograph companies, particularly a young organization like Musicraft, which is responsible for the present release (Album No. 18; seven twelve-inch records), are less slow than others in discarding the notion that a composer is not a composer until he is dead. Blitzstein is here not only a composer but also playwright, one-man orchestra, narrator and member (or members) of the cast.

After a spectacular beginning "The Cradle" ended by enjoying a long run with a "production" made up of no scenery whatever and a one-man piano-orchestra, on stage throughout the proceedings. As if to ensure complete destruction of conventional theatrical illusion, Orson Welles, the producer, kept the players continuously on a normally lit stage, sitting in a couple of rows of chairs when unoccupied, advancing toward the audience when they had something to say or do. The phonograph records, affording sound without sight of the original cast, are thus, in a sense, a logical evolution from this extraordinary economy. The experiment is brilliantly effective. Some of the text is naturally obscured, though the recording on the whole is able. An occasional sentence loses significance or emphasis because the accompanying action is invisible. And the polyphony of ideas in the ingenious last scene inevitably has not the clarity it had on stage. For the fullest enjoyment of the records, consequently, the indicated procedure obviously is to have the published text (Random House) at hand or in mind.

There are some cuts, but most of the music is retained, music of a variety, richness and vitality rare in the contemporary theatre. It is music of here and now. Only an American could have written the sixth scene (the two artists and Mrs. Mister)—a masterpiece of concise statement and contrast. Of the twentieth century is the hit song, the refrain changing key before it is fairly under way. One could also multiply instances of felicitous treatment when the music is only accompaniment to dialogue, like the subtle darkening of color before the mention of "mortgage" by the druggist's son. At tenth hearing it sends a shiver down the spine. MOSES SMITH

The Bandwagon

I don't think there will be any difficulties for the inhabitants of these places to find refuge. I have read of numerous caves in the vicinity in which they can find shelter. – *Prime Minister Chamberlain, defending the bombing by British troops of Indian villages on the Northwest Frontier, quoted in The Chicago Tribune.*

An attack by poison gas is another form of the effect of environment to secure the survival of the fittest and the elimination of decadent and unworthy persons and races. – *First Aid, journal of the Ambulance and Nursing Services, quoted by Stanley Casson in his "Progress and Catastrophe."*

For twelve years I have denounced Communism, Nazism and Fascism. The only way to overcome it is to create a department of fine arts. – *Representative William I. Sirovich, quoted in The New York Daily News.*

"I will tell you something more about this New Germany," said the Führer. "We are anti-imperialistic. That is a new fact in history. . . ." "But you would accept your former colonies back?" "Yes. But not for racial blending; for reasons of equality and economics only." – *"What Hitler Told Me," by Edward Price Bell, in Liberty.*

K. Metner, head of the German Boxing Federation, who listened to the broadcast with members of the International European Boxing Federation [Fifa], believes the fight, because of its sudden end, did not give a clear picture of whether Louis or Schmeling was the better fighter. – *From a news item in The Baltimore Sun.*

At Home Abroad

When elected to the United States Senate, I shall never vote to send the American boys across the ocean to fight a war on foreign soil unless in the necessary defense of America. – *Governor Chandler of Kentucky, quoted in The New York Times.*

Nazi Garden Party

Germany is a Jewish "Eden" and reports that Jews have died there are newspaper lies, Gustave Elmer, a director of the German-American Bund, told a legislative committee investigating the Nazi movement Wednesday. – *From a New York dispatch published in The Milwaukee, Wis., Journal.*

Douse That Glim!

The Giornale d'Italia, mouthpiece of Italian officialdom, today hailed Mayor Hague of Jersey City as having awakened "a new conscience and the first ray of light of a new dawn spreading over the United States." – *Dispatch from Rome published in The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Those Strategic Aleutians

SIR: The letter of your able correspondent, Major Eliot, in The New Republic of June 1 is interesting. His outline of the main object of a High Seas fleet is excellent. However, an enfilading fleet based on the Aleutians is the one best able to "maintain naval dominance of the whole sea area in which such dominance is vital to us." Hawaii is not located near any great country or near the main route between any two great countries. Hawaii is suitable for a secondary base to aid in the defense of the Panama Canal and of our sea routes along the southern coasts. A globe alone will indicate that Hawaii is too far to the south. Hawaii is in the tropics—south of the Tropic of Cancer. It is south of the Gulf of California and in the latitude of Mexico City. Hawaii would be an excellent base were the United States and Australia—or Mexico and Australia —at war.

There is more than a kernel of truth in the statement of Admiral Sims that we "pour money into a rathole" by continued heavy expenditures at Hawaii, while neglecting to make a naval base in the Aleutians. However, Congress has just appropriated $28,000,000 for a naval air base in the Aleutians and has authorized a large army air base in the Alaska region. Suppose Soviet Russia joins China in the conflict in East Asia in order to end the war. A Soviet Russia dominating a weakened China and a tired Japan might have dreams of propaganda and conquest in the regions of South America. Unalaska would then stand as the guarding sentinel of the North Pacific. Backed by the rugged mountains of Alaska and aided in winter by the lights of the Aurora Borealis, the Unalaska base would afford our fleet an excellent place from which to intercept all such moves.

I have never had an idea that any responsible Japanese authority has an idea of desiring to attack America—a movement that would be against all the interests of Japan in Asia. Nor will Japan molest the Philippine republic after 1946—disrupting her growing trade with the Islands and dividing her fleet opposite Soviet Russia. The New Republic is to be congratulated on being the first journal to use the more accurate Great Circle map for showing a large area of the earth's surface.

WILLIAM C. RIVERS,
New York City Major General, U. S. Army, Retired.

Hitler's Fifth Columns

SIR: I wish to express my appreciation for the illuminating article by Mr. Henry C. Wolfe, "Hitler's 'Fifth Columns' " [The New Republic, June 29], and to add that there is now clear evidence that Chancellor Dollfuss was assassinated on July 25, 1934, by a secret Nazi organization. It is the Nazis themselves who are now boasting of this fact. The Neues Tagebuch, a weekly published in Paris, deserves the credit for making this admission known to a broader public.

Das Schwarze Korps (the Black Corps), the official organ of the SS, in its issue of May 12, 1938, reports that the SS chief, Heinrich Himmler, had organized a group in 1933 under the name Militärstandarte, which he later included among his troops as SS Standarte 89. The report says: "Comrades Planeta, Holzweber and Domes, who died martyrs' deaths for German Austria, were among the first members of the Militärstandarte." Actually, Planetta and Holzweber were sentenced to death and beheaded because of their part in the murder of Dollfuss. Furthermore, the Schwarze Korps states: "At the July uprising in the year 1934 the SS Standarte 89 was entrusted with occupying the Chancellery."

These statements are no less than the first authentic declaration that Hitler's "Fifth Column" had murdered Chancellor Dollfuss and that the condolence telegram of the German to the Austrian government and the personal statement of Hitler that "the German government sharply condemns and regrets" the incident only add one more lie to all the other lies of the Nazis.

New York City KURT ROSENFELD

Nationalism in North Africa

SIR: The article, "The Caliph of Rome," which appeared in The New Republic, May 18, grossly misrepresents the cause of the oppressed people and the progressive nationalists of North Africa. Especially does it distort the attitude of natives toward Jews. There are not "several million Jews in North Africa."[1] Although administrative policy has designedly increased the difference between natives and Jews, by granting to the latter special political and social privileges which are denied the natives, there is a significant movement for rapprochement among the progressive elements of both groups.

In Morocco, which has the largest Jewish population (85,000) of all the North African countries, there exists the El Tsihad El Chabiba, Islamia Israilia el Magribia (Union of the Young Moslems and Jews of Morocco), which was founded in 1928 by a young Jew named Isaac Bendayan. The administration and the big colonists were bitterly opposed to this organization. But it was given publicity in the weekly organ of the young Moroccans. El Ouazzani, the editor, informed me that better understanding between Moroccans and Jews was a main feature in the program of the progressive nationalists.

Moroccan and Algerian Jews were contributors to the weekly. Jewish Robert-Jean Longuet—son of Deputy Jean Longuet, great-grandson of Karl Marx and editor of the pro-nationalist Maghreb (Morocco), a monthly magazine published in Paris—was one of the stanchest friends of El Ouazzani and the nationalists. Longuet has been described in the reactionary Parisian weekly Candide as "the most active enemy of France in Morocco."

Unreservedly the young Moroccans supported the Left Republican regime in Spain. It is not generally known that General Franco gets some of his most effective aid from French Morocco—a continuous stream of mercenaries from the hinterland has been passed across the frontier to swell the ranks of Franco's army. In 1936 the nationalists of French Morocco, who were in close underground contact with the Spanish Moroccans, secretly made overtures to the Loyalists, offering their services to organize a revolt against Franco in Spanish Morocco, provided the Loyalist government would proclaim the autonomy of Spanish Morocco. The pro-fascists of France and Morocco forced the Loyalists to reject the natives' offer. Learning of the affair from his informers, Franco promptly *promised* the Spanish Moroccans their autonomy. And about the same time the French Popular Front was compelled to

[1] Population of North Africa, 13,250,000; Europeans, 1,050,000, Jews, 213,210.

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abandon and discredit its native sections of North Africa.

The massacre of Jews by Moroccans in Tetuan, Spanish Morocco, could not be published in the world press, as the anonymous writer avers, simply because it never occurred. In Spanish Morocco the relations between natives and Jews are happier than in French Morocco. There was a massacre in Meknes last summer, when French soldiers opened fire upon a demonstration of natives, men, women and children, who were merely petitioning for more water from the river which had been turned by the administration. The authorities attempted to cover up the crime by pretending that the Jews were threatened by the Moors.

CLAUDE MC KAY,
New York City Editor, The African

SIR: Mr. McKay's letter is very interesting. In regard to the number of Jews in Northern Africa; my error was obviously a *lapsus calami.*

Mr. McKay says that I misrepresented the cause of the oppressed people in Northern Africa. I did not do so since I did not try to represent their cause. Neither, I think, have I distorted the attitude of the "natives" toward the Jews, unless through understatement. The fact that there is a significant movement for rapprochement between the progressive elements of both groups may be true, but it is not pertinent; the non-progressive elements, which form the majority, are still very far from rapprochement.

According to Mr. McKay, in 1936 the Moors first offered their help to the Loyalist government and then turned to Franco only after the help was refused. "Franco promptly promised the Spanish Moroccans their autonomy." It is clear by now that Franco could start a revolution only because he had the help of the Moors, and, until the arrival of the foreigners, they were his only power. The government was in need of help only after the revolution had started and the Moors had already invaded the Peninsula. The only substantial help that the Moors could offer was that which they were already giving to the Caudillo.

I would like to agree with Mr. McKay about the massacre in Tetuan. Unluckily my agreement would not be enough; we would find ourselves in disagreement not only with a great many people who suffered from the happening but also with a number of young offspring of the revolution who go around Tetuan boasting about it. Incidentally, the statement that in Spanish Morocco the relationship between Jews and "natives" is happier than in French Morocco is rather out of tone with the rosy picture of the beginning.

In short, Mr. McKay would have us believe that there is no anti-Semitism in Northern Africa, and that the Moors are stanch democrats who fight for fascism only because of a caprice of the Spanish government. In my article I said the contrary; now I repeat it with the additional support of the material of Mr. McKay's letter.

May I point out that it is rather unfair to speak of Moroccan Jews as non-natives; Jews and Berbers lived together long before the Arabs came, and the Jews are as much part of the Moroccan culture as the Arabs or Berbers. I feel that Mr. McKay considers me an anti-Arab. I am not. If any article against the rights of the Arabs should appear, it will not carry the undersigned name and, I am sure, it will not appear in the pages of The New Republic. Let me add that the best way of defending a cause is to present the truth untouched. No one makes the Arabs guilty of anti-Semitism; it is a universal attitude today, and the Arabs are the least to blame. The righteousness of a cause does not gain by hiding the more unpleasant truths.

New York City EMIL WOLFF

American Bureau to Aid Saroyan

SIR: I believe there is a small but growing audience of book-lovers who would be disappointed if I didn't reply to a review of one of my books appearing in The New Republic. So far I have never failed this group of fanatics, and although I have no quarrel to speak of this time, I feel I ought to try to please the people.

Otis Ferguson's remarks about my latest book, "Love, Here Is My Hat," in a recent issue, are kind and heart-warming. He says, however, that I am not acute. A reviewer in another weekly magazine recently said my subconscious is not interesting. Mr. Ferguson speaks of my "pictures of the daring young Western Union lad." I have never been a Western Union messenger. The company was Postal Telegraph, which has blue envelopes. He implies also that I have certain theatrical idiosyncrasies. That's the truth. You can't very well be an actor and not act. (You can't be alive for that matter and not.) Although I like a variety of roles, offstage I prefer the role of comedian, straight or stooge. In years to come perhaps, like all comedy players, I shall branch out into tragedy and so on, and maybe play middle-aged hero of the world. Stooge exclusively, that is.

Mr. Ferguson implies that I imply that "love is infinitely more wonderful on the typewriter than in bed, everything is infinitely more everything and ah universe, ah art, ah London W C 2." There's no comparison, except for Robert Burns, that I know of; you'd never know it from belles lettres. My quiet and noisy argument has always been that nothing is more wonderful than anything else, except at the time, when it is more wonderful than anything, unless the time is a time of writing and you don't know how and work very hard and practically lose your life making something that isn't worth it. As for the ah-this and the ah-that stuff, I'm afraid that piece has been ungotten by Mr. Ferguson. It isn't complicated exactly and has no meaning other than a boisterous spoofing of art, which deserves it, but I don't believe Mr. Ferguson got it anyway.

He says also that I seem to imagine that anything proceeding from me is top form. This isn't so. I know of no living writer who is more critical of his work than I am, or less casual about it, the good with the bad. This hurts the feelings of some people who think I'm great. They don't like the contradictions either. Well, try to be honest and see if you can avoid them. The times are worse now than they were last summer when The New Masses reviewed "Little Children" and griped me. A man like Thomas Mann is greater than Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin and Trotsky put together, but so what? He's a writer. So are each of the men I have compared with him, but lousy ones. That's the difference. But in the world of history, which is violently our world at the moment, art is, unfortunately, impotent. In its own dimension of course it isn't at all, but as a force in the material world (and this is it, if it ever was) it is all but useless. There used to be some talk of the ivory tower, I believe, but I've never heard of anybody, not even Edmund Wilson, understanding and pointing out the most obvious truth, namely, that no matter what you write about, how you do it, or what you intend to accomplish with it, the writer is inescapably a dweller in an ivory tower and out of the world. Lecturing is no good either. Art v. action is a featherweight v. one of the late Mr. Brisbane's gorillas. Historical action, however, for the writer is out of the question; if it ceases to be out of the question he ceases to be a writer and becomes something else, not necessarily inferior, not necessarily superior. Myself, I prefer to remain a writer, but not because I don't know from nothing.

This is the longest letter I've ever sent The New Republic. I hope, nevertheless, that you will run it.

San Francisco, Calif. WILLIAM SAROYAN

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Checking Up on Kleber Legay

SIR: The recent background of Kleber Legay, author of "Un Mineur Français Chez les Russes" which was reviewed by Mr. Edmund Wilson in The New Republic of April 6, has been looked into by Mr. Theodore Draper, foreign editor of The New Masses, and a short account thereof printed in the issue of May 10.

Mr. Draper's findings reveal that immediately after M. Legay's return from Soviet Russia, his attitude toward conditions there was favorable; that in articles published under his name, he actually took the stand that present conditions there should be judged by comparison not with more advanced countries, but with conditions formerly existing in that country.

I quote from articles written by M. Legay for Le Populaire:

> We workers do not have the right to make comparisons between the condition of the Russian worker today and that of the French workers at the present time, but we must compare the condition of the Russian worker now with that existing under the Tsars, which latter are so dear to the Right press. . . .
>
> Considering the progress which they [the Russian workers] have made during the twenty years since the Revolution, it can be stated that we [the French workers] will remain far behind them if we keep the present regime. . . .

It seems that M. Legay's attitude and his basis for comparison then suddenly changed and finally culminated in the unfavorable book reviewed by Mr. Wilson, who felt constrained to point out that the author "tends to judge what he saw in Russia on the basis of the standards of more advanced countries." As if this reversal were not enough, M. Legay is quoted by Mr. Wilson as stating that "a family receives more money but lives worse than before the Revolution"—which is in direct contradiction with M. Legay's previous statement as quoted above. . . .

Boston, Mass. CHARLES MACKEY

Metropolitan Life v. the Union

SIR: The officials of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company are spending policy-holders' money to break the union of their employees. The New York State Labor Relations Board has already certified this union, the Industrial Insurance Agents' Union, Local 30, as the bargaining agent for 2,500 employees in New York City and has ordered the company (on June 7, 1938) to bargain collectively with the union.

The Metropolitan's answer to this decision has been to retain Mr. Samuel Seabury to fight its case against the board and to launch a new wave of intimidation and firing of active union men. The company, through Mr. Seabury, has now petitioned the Supreme Court of New York for a review of all the Board's orders. His contention that insurance agents are not employees within the meaning of the State Labor Relations Act would, if it were sustained, deprive every white-collar worker of the benefits of the Act. However an opinion in the Bank of Yorktown case by Mr. Justice Noonan of the New York Supreme Court has already held bank employees to be protected by the Act. The company, therefore, can hardly expect to win its case, though it can hope to weaken the union by long-drawn-out litigation.

Legal fees are costly, maintaining a company union is costly. Large sums of money are being spent by the company in the expensive business of union-busting. But the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is a mutual company, legally owned by its 29,000,000 policy-holders, many of them union members and sympathizers. It is responsible to its policy-holders for every cent of money that comes in and goes out. All money remaining at the end of the year after benefits and expenses are paid goes back to the policy-holder in the form of dividends. There is going to be less money for dividends this year. The union urges you, as policy-holders, to join the Policy-Holders' Committee which has been set up and which is vitally interested in curbing these unfair and costly practices. For further information about the Policy-Holders Committee write to Insurance Department, United Office and Professional Workers of America at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

LEON W. BERNEY, General Organizer,
New York City Industrial Insurance Agents' Union

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Edmund Kelly Janes of Oakdale, California, disagrees with our condemnation of "contact" as a verb. He prophesies that the verb "contact" will be accepted as quickly as was the noun "mob" and regards that as a desirable end. . . . W. D. Kersey of Portland, Oregon, and Clay Fulks of Mena, Arkansas, offer explanations of the United States' foreign policy. Mr. Kersey explains that the State Department was created in the image of the Foreign Office of Great Britain, that it represents, more than any other department of our government, the traditions of monarchy and aristocracy. It acts, and has always acted, he says, to preserve the interests of aristocracy all over the world. Mr. Fulks lays the blame for the State Department's contradictory policy on "that coterie of snobs . . . known as career diplomats . . . who acknowledge no responsibility to the people" and who exercise authority that "should be trusted to the hands of only the highest responsible officials."

Dr. Frederick Birnberg of New York City salutes the Committee of 430 which has criticized the American Medical Association for its attitude toward medical care for the poor. He warns, however, against the danger of crooked contract-practice plans masked as a solution to the public-health problem. . . . Eric G. Muggeridge, secretary of The Foster Parents' Plan for Children in Spain, 118 East Fortieth Street, New York City, appeals for contributions to carry on the work his committee is doing to rescue the child victims of the Spanish civil war. Twenty-five cents a day will provide a child with food, shelter and the right to play outside the omnipresent shadow of death. . . . George Novack, secretary of the American Fund for Political Prisoners and Refugees, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, asks for help in taking care of political refugees from Italy, Germany, Austria, Spain; fighting their deportation to fascist countries and obtaining visas and transportation to countries which offer them opportunities for work.

What's on the Air?

Albin Johannson of Sweden, manager of the Coöperative Wholesale Society, talks on Monday, July 11, 7:15 P.M., CBS.

Mrs. Estelle Steinberger, director of World Peaceways, Inc., speaks on "America's Peace Movement," Monday, July 11, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Chautauqua Institution open-forum discussion on the subject: "Is Technological Advance a Benefit to Humanity?" Friday, July 15, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include a George Gershwin Memorial Concert, Sunday, July 10, 3 P.M., CBS; the Cincinnati Summer Opera Association production of "La Traviata," Sunday, July 10, 11:05 P. M., NBC-Blue Network; the Mercury Theatre production of "First Person Singular," Monday, July 11, 9 P.M., CBS; Alfred Wallenstein's "Symphonic Strings," Wednesday, July 13, 10 P.M., Mutual; and the Chicago Philharmonic Orchestra, Friday, July 15, 10:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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Books in Review

Swing Around the South

As a somewhat parochial northerner whose experience of the South has been limited to (a) sailing from Norfolk, Va., for Spain, and (b) landing in New Orleans to go west, I have little right to review Jonathan Daniels' "A Southerner Discovers the South." [1] But as an interested Northerner who has listened to Southerners discount both Carl Carmer's investigations of Alabama's meteorites and Erskine Caldwell's more mundane inquiries, maybe I have as much right as the next person. Anyway, I think I know that Jonathan Daniels has written the only good broad-scale survey of the modern South that we have. I have a double reason for saying this: I have read most of the contemporary books on the South, and I have listened to Representative Maury Maverick of Texas explain what a good survey of the South should be. Mr. Daniels' book gives us far more than the other books, and it conforms in every way to Maury Maverick's specifications.

Last March I went to see Maury in his office on Capitol Hill. When I opened the door he growled, "Come in, crackpot." Then, remembering that he was a gentleman as well as a Southerner, he explained: "All New York writers are crackpots." He had in mind the New Yorkers—and Northern intellectuals in general—who write about the South quite as if it were Marco Polo's China—a queer place, and barbarous, where lynchers and Ku Kluxers and other strange critters make a mock of all human standards. Maury can't take the average New York intellectual; when a literary Do-gooder from Manhattan begins attacking the South because of Scottsboro or the sharecroppers, Maury ruffles up like an enraged turkey and begins spitting out words about Sacco and Vanzetti (darkest Massachusetts) or Frank Hague (who could give Boss Crump of Memphis a few lessons in the negation of democracy). Quite as much as the International Labor Defense Maury considers Scottsboro a crime; and quite as much as Norman Thomas he thinks the sharecroppers of eastern Arkansas are in a hell of a fix. But Maury demands critics who comprehend, and he doesn't find them.

The next time I visit Maury I am going to wear Jonathan Daniels' book over my heart, like a shield. For Mr. Daniels is a critic who comprehends. He spends no time on counsels of perfection, yet he knows the conservative dam is cracking. His book is, like James Rorty's "Where Life Is Better," the story of an automobile trip in search of flavor, personalities and statistics. Beginning in Washington, D. C., Mr. Daniels drove through Virginia and the Carolinas along the Gold Avenue of the mill owners, and then turned west to Norris Dam and the TVA. He talked to David Lilienthal, and he paused in Chattanooga. With the rights and wrongs of the TVA squabbles settled in favor of Mr. Lilienthal, Mr. Daniels then moved west to visit Donald Davidson and the embattled Tennessee Agrarians (whom he found as one-sided and wishful-thinking as those who hope to create a socialist South in our generation). Like other literary travelers, Mr. Daniels dropped in on Marked Tree, Arkansas, where he discovered a real Southern gentleman in C. T. Carpenter, the country lawyer who lost most of his practice (since regained) by defending the sharecroppers in their fight to preserve the right to organize.

In Arkansas Mr. Daniels also visited the Dyess Colony, where the U. S. government has subsidized an experiment in Individual Yeomanry. The results were not satisfactory to Mr. Daniels, for they seemed to bear no relation to Southern realities. As Mr. Daniels indicates, there isn't enough money available to subsidize even a quarter of the sharecroppers and renters as individual owners, so why waste much time on a toytown like Dyess? Sherwood Eddy's coöperative farm colony seemed to make more sense, but even this did not quite suit the critic in Mr. Daniels. For the success of the Delta Coöperative Plantation obviously depended on Sam Franklin, a minister who works for the love of the Lord, not for money, and there are only two or three Franklins born in a generation. After talking with Oscar Johnston of the great money-making English-owned Delta and Pine Land Company, Mr. Daniels was even more perplexed with regard to the future of cotton. Mr. Johnston beat both Dyess and Delta Coöperative at matching healthy, well fed men with productive earth, yet his success escaped easy formularization; it was a personal thing. Mr. Daniels' conclusion, implicit in his head-scratching, is common-sensical: let the Utopians organize both on a collective and on an Individual Ownership basis, and let the Johnstons make what they can out of enlightened Big Business farming. For out of the experiences of both Sherwood Eddys and Oscar Johnstons are coming new standards that are bound to affect those lesser souls who are in cotton to turn an immediate penny, not for love of humanity or to build a community with the purchasing power to make capitalism work as a long-term proposition.

Mr. Daniels' swing back east to Raleigh, where he edits The News and Observer, took him to Birmingham, the Alabama satrapy of U. S. Steel, and to Atlanta, "the capital of the overseers." Here Mr. Daniels encountered the problem of the Yankee and the Second Carpetbag Invasion. And here, for the first time, Mr. Daniels looked beyond Dixie to fix the blame. The South, he notes, is not kept poor by its own short-sightedness but because its industries are primarily owned by Northerners. These Northerners have a dual aim: to pump profits out of the South, and to keep the South from competing in Northern markets with the industrial plant of the Middle West. There is an ultimate contradiction here, of course, but Northern ownership has not yet had to solve it.

The big news in Mr. Daniels' book is that the South has forgotten the Civil War; there is a new issue stirring in Dixie, and that issue is Mr. Roosevelt. Where an older generation of Southerners fought over the question of Gen-

[1] A Southerner Discovers the South, by Jonathan Daniels. New York: The Macmillan Company. 246 pages. $3.

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eral William Tecumseh Sherman's taste for stolen silver, the new generations are battling over wage-and-hour legislation, AAA, and freight-rate differentials that favor the North and West. The lesson of Mr. Daniels' book, derived from a contemplation of the profits in Coca Cola and Cardui (for female troubles), is that cheap goods and services must be provided if the South is to buy. That lets out the private power companies in Alabama and Tennessee and clears the track for Mr. Lilienthal and the TVA.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Record of Our Education

Literary Opinion in America, edited, with an Introduction, by Morton Dauwen Zabel. New York: Harper and Brothers. 691 pages. $3.25.

NO ONE was better equipped than the editor of Poetry to make a representative canvass of contemporary critics, for the task required the patient thoroughness to sift the mass of periodicals and the tact to discriminate. By reprinting these fifty essays he has furnished a guidebook of the best sort, and has increased its value by his long introduction, which is a compressed history of American criticism during the past half-century, a history which he illuminates by treating it as "the record of a nation's education." Among his most useful services are his rejuvenation of Henry James's claims as a critic, his unexpected but accurate linking together of the aims of Howells and Brownell, his hitting upon just the epithets to describe Huneker's work as "esthetic publicity" and to indicate that what Brooks produced was not criticism "in any pure or technical sense," but rather "Americanization."

Zabel may sometimes err in the generosity of his judgments, as when he speaks of "The Flowering of New England" as expert reconstruction of the past, without seeming to perceive that its loosely evocative sentimentalization has lost the firm edge of ideas that made "America's Coming of Age" an acrid challenge. But it was certainly necessary to be reminded that Mencken's performance wasn't always a low-comedy act that had gone sour, but that, as Edmund Wilson has also remarked, he was preëminent in showing the gritty strength of our vulgar heritage. And in the difficult job of assessing our more recent reputations, Zabel makes a coherent effort to probe the manifold distractions that have waylaid Mumford, for instance: "the glow here is messianic, the accent Whitman's, the skepticism as facile as the self-assurance is quick, and instead of producing the focus of scrutiny and discrimination where critical values come to a point, Mumford's energies have radiated and explored." Zabel is firmly aware that bombast and rhetoric still have fatal attractions for the American mind, and that in the Lewisohns and DeVotos we can suffer from a florid "debasement of the American principle fully as debilitating as the genteel conventions" which they set out to oppose.

To give order to the first two of the three sections into which he has arranged his anthology, Zabel has borrowed his structure from Eliot's essay in calling them "Versions of Tradition and Responsibility" and "The Individual Talent." The former, starting with Eliot and including Babbitt and Santayana as well as Brooks and Mencken, establishes the fields of influence which have conditioned most of the thirty-odd appraisals of poets, novelists and playwrights in the second section. Of these Wilson's scrutiny of Joyce seems by far the most tenacious, and Allen Tate's essay on Hart Crane is the rare example of an evaluation made by a fellow poet and friend which does not lose itself in personal irrelevance, but comments centrally on the aims of the creator of "The Bridge."

The design of Zabel's final section, "Prospects and Determinations," is to show the points at which we have now arrived through the controversy over sociological and esthetic relations. It is less logically consistent than the other two sections, partly owing to the fact that the oversimplification of issues through much of this controversy has left Zabel a sparser winnowing. But he has been able to include Newton Arvin's serious demonstration of the dead-end to which individualism had come by 1930, one of Rahv and Phillips' earlier condensed manifestos and, as the most illuminating piece in this section, the essay in which Robert Cantwell suggested how James's use of levels of conscious awareness as the criterion of the moral value of his characters might be made fertile to a proletarian novelist in developing his contrasts between classes. The last essay in the volume is, fittingly, R. P. Blackmur's effort to define "A Critic's Job of Work" by means of comparative analysis of the methods of half a dozen books, ranging from "Three Philosophical Poets" to "The Great Tradition" and "Permanence and Change." The sometimes tedious overelaboration of Blackmur's style, as though he couldn't keep his fingers out of the dictionary, should not be allowed to blind the reader to the fact that he is asking the major questions, and is insisting that the labor of the critic's understanding should be "always specific, like the art which he examines."

F. O. MATTHIESSEN

Put Reason to Work

The Retreat from Reason, by Lancelot T. Hogben, with notes by Isabel S. Stearns. New York: Random House. 112 pages. $1.

PROFESSOR HOGBEN, in the Moncure Conway Memorial Lecture here published for American readers, vigorously condemns the divorce of education and science from our pressing social needs. His main thesis is that "the Retreat from Reason is the penalty we are paying for an inherent dichotomy in the way we educate people." With characteristic wit and learning, Hogben exposes the now familiar contradiction between our vast technical capacity and our hopelessly obstructive political institutions, ending with an appeal for a "scientific humanism" to be embodied in a modern "Institute of Social Inquiries" for which he supplies tentative blueprints. Professor Hogben's attacks upon the liberal tradition cut like a whip ("we make a virtue of tolerance only when we do not as yet know how to deal with an issue in a rational way"), and he is merciless in his criticism of the lag between the intentions of democracy and its accomplishments. Unfortunately his political clarity is obscured by an ethical bias that causes his own reason to retreat before the very idea of anything so violent as a revolution. Everything, believes Hogben in the

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true spirit of the Fabians, will come right, if we can only put our great knowledge to the service of our collective will, and the will to the service of mankind.

HAROLD WARD

One More Nathan

The Barly Fields, by Robert Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THIS BOOK brings together five of Mr. Nathan's early novels. All are quietly fanciful: in one of them Matilda the hen converses with a robin; in another the angel Michael becomes an archdeacon on Manhattan Island; in a third the characters have died and gone to Heaven. Unseduced by realism, Mr. Nathan has always scrupulously followed his own bent, seeing the world through a veil of fantasy, sentiment and unboisterous humor. The world he sees is a rather foolish, lovable and haphazard place, but in the manner of a miniaturist he reduces it to at least a whimsical order and provides it with values. Prigs and snobs, stuffed shirts and puritans are put firmly in their places. Mr. Nathan does not raise his voice or wave his arms; it is enough for him to point out how rich the human race is in absurdities and how short its great men are on humor. Evil, terror, harsh forms of suffering are outside his range; it is the more genteel brand of fool he always aims at, never the more outrageous brand of knave.

Accepting these fables of Mr. Nathan's on their own terms, one must wonder now and then whether they are not a trifle pat, whether the wisdom they expound is not a trifle smug. Were any of us to sit back in an armchair and watch our fellow creatures do nothing more unseemly than play cards, talk politics and make love, it would be easy enough to discover them being childish, silly, violent, grotesque. And we might relish the sight with a certain complacency, even though we realized that, were the tables turned, we should comport ourselves no better. For of course Mr. Nathan's comedies are intended to deflate you and me and Mr. Nathan as well as his bishops and bankers; he is not a mere pander to our self-esteem. But even that little refinement, of feeling not that we are better than other men but that we know ourselves better, can do wonders for our vanity. And then, how gratifying to recognize irony when one comes upon it. The ironic method seems to have acquired a sort of sacred standing in high literary circles; it implies great wisdom or penetration in an author. But when (as here) it is largely verbal and truistic, it can be the most ornamental and glib of devices, and even a little arch.

Mr. Nathan's gifts of measure and balance and grace would mean much more if Mr. Nathan put them to really significant use. But his mind, for all the pokes it takes at human folly, is not sufficiently critical; his imagination is much less visionary than whimsical. What one misses, always, are density, immediacy, a sense of life. I do not mean that Mr. Nathan fails to get far enough because he is not "realistic"; I mean, rather, that following his own bent, he fails as a poet; never manages to haunt our minds, charge our emotions, widen our view. What one gets from his neat and fastidious stories is what one gets from looking at a delightfully furnished room saved from dullness by pert and lively touches.

Mr. Nathan contributes a short preface to this book in which he justifiably seems to want to make out a case, if not for himself, then for the things his writing stands for. What emerges is the sense of a man a little bewildered and too much on the defensive. Allowing that the literature of the twenties has already become a legend and that the world has entered a new and more harassed stage, he says: "I like the young writers of today. I like the hard, clear quality of their prose. But I do not believe that what they talk about is any more real than Little Red Riding Hood." The first two of these sentences, to be frank, sound to me like a parody of some literary old fogy's memoirs. The last sentence is more pointedly restated elsewhere in the preface: "Is a labor union," Mr. Nathan asks, "any more real than a doll?" As the old joke went: I'm dying, and you ask me riddles.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER

Mussolini's Agricultural Policy

The Plough and the Sword: Land, Labor and Property in Fascist Italy, by Carl T. Schmidt. New York: The Columbia University Press. 207 pages. $2.50.

MR. SCHMIDT has written a revealing book on one of the least studied but most important developments under Italian fascism—namely, its agricultural policy. The concentration of land holdings is at least as great as and possibly greater than before the March on Rome, with one-half of one percent of the proprietors owning between 40 and 50 percent of the land. The real wages of the landless agricultural workers have, moreover, fallen markedly. The purchasing power of the official hourly rates of these workers is perhaps 25 percent lower than in 1922, while unemployment has also greatly increased. In addition, the contract rates are frequently violated by the employers and there is a trend towards payment in kind rather than in cash, with an attendant approach to serfdom.

Mussolini's campaign to make Italy produce all the wheat needed for domestic consumption has been largely successful, but the cost has been too great. In order to bring marginal land into cultivation, high tariffs and restricted import quotas have been imposed, with the result that the price of domestic wheat has been raised to between three and four times the Liverpool price and to about two and one-half times the cost of foreign wheat delivered in Italy. In order to grow the added wheat, land has been withdrawn from products in which Italy has a positive advantage, such as citrus fruits, wine, olive oil and nuts.

The exports of these articles have fallen sharply under Fascist rule. Even more serious has been the decline during the last decade in the number of livestock, which has been caused by the conversion of pasture land into wheat fields and by the rise in the price of fodder. The profits which the low-cost producers of wheat have made as a result of the higher prices have gone in the main to the owners of the big estates, who alone have had an available surplus for sale. The wheat policy has therefore enriched the few at the expense of the many.

One of Mr. Schmidt's most effective chapters is that in

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which he deflates the growing claims of Mussolini in the matter of the reclamation of the soil. He shows that this work had already been carried on for half a century by the constitutional democracy and that here, as in the fields of social legislation, fascism has claimed credit for the achievements of the governmental system which it overthrew. The Fascists, to be sure, increased the tempo of reclamation, but, unfortunately, they have tended to neglect certain necessary pieces of work, such as the reforestation of the mountains to check erosion, in favor of the spectacular draining of the Pontine Marshes. The desire to impress foreign tourists during their stay in Rome has led Mussolini in fact to devote about one-third of his reclamation funds to the Pontino. This is obviously a disproportionate share. In all, only about 9,000 families comprising 70,000 persons have been settled on the reclaimed soil. This is less than one percent of the total number of the completely landless agricultural workers and dependents.

Fascism has therefore not only forced Italy to give up her spiritual and intellectual freedom, but it has also worsened the material condition of both her agricultural and her industrial population. The price of a dubious and vicarious glory has been much too high.

Mr. Schmidt has done good work in making the Italian agricultural situation clearer, but his book would have been improved had he given the American equivalents of acres, bushels and cents for the Italian units of hectares, quintals and liras. A reviewer in The New York Times has severely criticized Mr. Schmidt for an alleged warping of the facts to fit Marxian assumptions. I am certainly not a Marxist, but I confess that Schmidt's analysis gives every evidence of being accurate and truthful, and it agrees with virtually all the information that I have been able to gather.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS

Keeping Money on the Move

When Capital Goes on Strike by Arthur Dahlberg. New York: Harper and Brothers. 240 pages. $2.50.

THE CENTRAL IDEA in this interesting and timely book is that our inability to achieve and maintain full utilization of resources and manpower is due primarily to the failure of people receiving large incomes to spend their incomes promptly. Whether these incomes are "spent" for new steam yachts or "invested" in new factories is of no consequence. In either case "income velocity" is maintained, for the money is used to employ labor and capital in producing more goods and services. But when the command over goods and services represented by modern money is held in abeyance—*i.e.*, when money incomes are hoarded in the form of idle bank deposits—demand for goods falls off, factories close down and workers lose their jobs. Dr. Dahlberg's thesis, therefore, is not unlike that of Keynes and many others who emphasize the "tendency of savings to exceed investment" and the role of variations in "liquidity preference" in the business cycle.

The remedy the author advocates is novel and refreshing in at least three particulars. It contemplates neither more government regulation nor more government spending. It would add to rather than subtract from government revenues, whether it worked or not. It is the kind of experiment that could be tried out gradually, and if it failed of its purpose, could be abandoned without permanently changing the whole economic landscape. What Dr. Dahlberg proposes is to make idle money hot money, and so hot that it would burn a hole in the owner's pocket unless he spent it promptly. This he would accomplish by imposing a federal tax to be collected monthly on average demand deposits of individuals and corporations, supplemented by an ingenious scheme for dated currency which would cause paper money to depreciate as rapidly as money left in the banks. The tax would first be imposed at a low rate —perhaps two or three percent annually—and would be increased gradually to produce the desired results.

How high the hoarding tax would have to be would be determined experimentally, the objective being to force a rate of spending and create a demand for goods that would absorb the unemployed, utilize the full productive capacity of industry and "call forth fully the creative ingenuity of our engineers." Presumably the tax would be varied from time to time, being increased in periods of recession and, conceivably, removed entirely during boom times.

Dr. Dahlberg recognizes the difficulties that would be involved in preventing hoarders of bank money from evading the tax by some other means than the desired one of using their funds for income-producing purposes. In order to forestall liquidation of bank deposits and transfer of liquid assets held by banks to depositors, he advocates a "100-percent-reserve plan" coupled with a tax at the same rate as the hoarding tax on excess reserves of member banks. Foreign currencies, he contends, would offer no safe haven for the funds of reluctant spenders, since exchange rates would soon rise enough to make transfers unprofitable. Jewelry and precious metals, he believes, would not be suitable substitutes for cash hoarding, and to the extent that such transfers were made the jewelry and mining industries would be stimulated. Purchase of existing securities would raise their prices and reduce their yields, and thus make capital available to entrepreneurs at lower rates.

In its essence Dr. Dahlberg's scheme is not as revolutionary as it seems to be, and herein may lie its weakness as well as its virtue. What he proposes is simply to lower the interest rate on demand deposits—which has already been reduced to zero—to a negative percentage, in order to induce hoarders of bank balances to invest their funds. What would be the effect of such a stimulus on those who now seek security and liquidity at the expense of yield? Obviously, timid savers would not be transformed overnight into venturesome entrepreneurs. Instead they would continue to seek safe and liquid investments at as high a yield—or as low a negative yield—as available.

Government and other short-term securities of the highest grade could be sold at a negative yield, approaching the rate of the hoarding tax, just as they now sell at close to zero. Over the long run such a tax—even at a low rate—would undoubtedly have much the same effect as a reduction in the interest rate in overcoming any *persistent* tendency that may exist for "savings to exceed investment." But whether even a high penalty rate would promptly overcome the sudden increase in "liquidity preference" which accompanies a period of cyclical collapse appears at least to be open to serious question.

J. FREDERIC DEWHURST

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New Books: A Reader's List

IT'S ALL ADVENTURE, by Peter Freuchen (Farrar and Rinehart, $3.50). The author of "Arctic Adventure" finds that the shift from igloo to swivel-chair ushers in a routine less soft and relaxing than he had expected. Eight full years in the life of a Danish explorer who hunts up excitement on the rare occasions when it is not tracking him, and writes about it frankly and humorously.

LIFE, HEAT AND ALTITUDE, by David Bruce Dill (Harvard, $2.50). An important physiological study of what happens to animals and man at high altitudes and in hot climates. A final chapter on "High Altitude Flight" is an introduction to the new science of Aviation Medicine.

MINIATURE PHOTOGRAPHY: From One Amateur to Another, by Richard L. Simon (Simon and Schuster, $1.75). A rather fetchingly opinionated handbook giving sound and lucid advice to the beginner who wants to learn his way around among the gadgets on his "candid" camera. Technical jargon is reduced to a minimum.

PROPAGANDA FROM CHINA AND JAPAN, by Bruno Lasker and Agnes Roman (Institute of Pacific Relations, $1.50). Analyzing the Chinese and Japanese literature now circulating in the United States. The authors prepare the lay reader to protect himself against the cruder falsifications or emotional distortions found in the work of special pleaders. An exciting excursion into good sense.

GOOSE FEATHERS, by George Digby (Dutton, $3). Ceylon, New Guinea, Japan; the very readable memoirs of a traveling journalist who writes about the people who suffer, rather than those who determine, the course of empire.

THE WHIG MYTH OF JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, By Dorothy Waples (Yale, $2.75). No better and no worse than the general run of published doctoral theses—which is to say, of small interest to the general reader. A raft of newspaper and other evidence showing that the Whigs let Cooper have it in his social and literary reputation because of his vociferous alignment with the Democrats.

FIRST PRINCIPLES OF VERSE, by Robert Hillyer (The Writer, Inc., $2). A poet, critic and teacher writes pleasantly about the nature of English prosody, and somewhat less objectively about modern trends in American poetry. Nothing very vital here.

MY DOUBLE LIFE, by Mary Sullivan (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). The autobiography of the Director of the Women's Bureau of the New York City Police. Adventures enough to supply a dozen fiction writers, among crooks of all kinds, written by a sensible woman who likes her job.

GOYA, REBELLIOUS GENIUS, by Marion Chapman (Egmont Press, $2.50). One of those novelized biographies about the great painter of eighteenth-century Spain. Too much imagination is used and too much of an attempt is made to prove that Goya was greater as a man than as a painter. But it's a good lively romance, done in bright crayons.

WE LIVED AS CHILDREN, by Kathryn Hulme (Knopf, $2.50). A beautiful short novel about three wise children who grew up in San Francisco from the days of the earthquake to the War. Full of humor and rich feeling; most remarkable for its fine prose.

JULIE, by Francis Stuart (Knopf, $2.50). A story about a young girl (shy, awkward, and a rebel) who falls in love with a shady promoter. A vulgar, unattractive little jailbird, he is able to give her what she really wants, a rich sense of living. Good insight, alas, into women.

REQUIEM FOR IDOLS, by Norah Lofts (Knopf, $2). Three sisters meet at their old home farm after years of separation, and then separate again, to face the problem every woman faces who sees that youth is over. An intensely personal and very depressing tale.

MY SISTER EILEEN, by Ruth McKenney (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Sketches from The New Yorker. In those recounting the childhood experiences of Ruth and Eileen the humor is more than a little forced. But the stuff gets better as the girls grow older, and the one about the Georgian prince is really a darb.

JOHNNY PYE AND THE FOOL-KILLER, by Stephen Vincent Benét (Countryman Press, Weston, Va., $3.50). A short allegorical tale in something like Down East lingo, middling cute.

Contributors

WALDO FRANK, whose "Virgin Spain" was published ten years ago, has spent the past winter and spring in London, finishing a novel for fall publication.

EUNICE CLARK is on the staff of Fortune and has contributed poems to various magazines.

WILLIAM STEPHENS, a former Gary and Chicago newspaperman, is now on the staff of Esquire-Coronet. He is preparing his first book for publication, "Factory Models."

OSCAR WILLIAMS' first and only book was published fifteen years ago by the Yale University Press. From that time until a few months ago he was a promoter and advertising salesman, and "neither wrote nor read." Recently his poems have appeared in Poetry, Spirit and New Letters.

ARCHIBALD FLEMING is a graduate of Princeton and lives at New City, New York. He has published one book of short poems, "The Island Called Pharos." His latest play is "The Destroyers."

DELMORE SCHWARTZ has contributed poems and short stories to New Directions and The Partisan Review.

SELDEN RODMAN, co-editor of Common Sense, is the author of "Lawrence: The Last Crusade," and "Mortal Triumph and Other Poems." His "New Anthology of Modern Poetry" is appearing this month.

HAROLD M. GROVES, former member of the Wisconsin Legislature and of the Wisconsin Tax Commission, is professor of Public Finance at the University of Wisconsin.

V. POZNER is a French journalist. Random House will publish his "The Bloody Barons" in the fall.

VALENTINE ACKLAND, an English poet, is co-author with Sylvia Townsend Warner of a collection of verse, "Whether a Dove or a Seagull."

MOSES SMITH has been music critic of The Boston Evening Transcript since 1934. He is at work on a book about the late Arthur Foote.

F. O. MATTHIESSEN is an associate professor of History and Literature at Harvard University. He is the author of "Sarah Orne Jewett" and "The Achievement of T. S. Eliot."

HAROLD WARD's special interest is in the social implications of science and technology.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER, the editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse" and "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany," is at present on the staff of Time.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, professor of Economics at the University of Chicago, has recently made a first-hand study of fascism in Italy.

J. FREDERIC DEWHURST has for the past several years been the economist of the Twentieth Century Fund.

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